

# The Sketch

No. 1303 — Vol. CI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1918.

NINEPENCE.



AN EVE AND AN APPLE—BUT NO SERPENT: MISS LILY ST. JOHN AS NICHETTE IN "YES, UNCLE!"  
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Miss Lily St. John plays the Studio Maid, Nichette, in the new musical comedy at the Prince of Wales's, the plot of which revolves round the love-affairs of a certain artist. Nichette is beloved of a gallant Zouave (M. Henri Leoni),

and together they sing a rag-march duet of the catchy and haunting order—"Think of me when the Band is playing"—which is one of the big hits of the piece.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]





By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

### The Great Speech.

Writing, as I am, immediately after the Premier's great speech on the subject of our war aims, it is difficult to turn to light and airy topics. As a result of that speech, anything may happen even before these lines are in print. All now depends on the German rulers. They have asked us, again and again, what we were after. Now they have been told, and told in a way there is no mistaking.

They will cry out that the terms are impossible; but that cry is essential to the childish waste of time which some people dignify by the name of diplomacy. Actually, they will know, and the whole world will know, that here is the basis for a lasting peace—if they want it. The responsibility for the continuation of the war is now definitely on the shoulders of the German rulers.

I have seen, as yet, no Press comments on the speech. One knows pretty well by this time what these will be. Some papers will laud Mr. Lloyd George to the skies; some will hum and ha, and sit on the fence; a few will shower condemnations because he has not insisted that every man, woman, and child in Germany shall be roasted alive.

For all that, the speech has been prepared, approved by all sections, and delivered. There is no going back on it. If we achieve all that the Premier demands as a basis of peace, the war will have brought inestimable blessings to the whole human race—thanks to the self-sacrifice of the fighting men of the Allies.

### The Stolid English.

I wonder how many, if any, of the greatest events of the war have been at once realised in their full significance by the British public. Lord Lansdowne's letter and Mr. Asquith's speech at Birmingham were both pregnant with meaning, yet comparatively few men took the trouble to read them. It was the same, on the evening of Saturday, Jan. 5, with the Premier's speech—a speech that will pass into history as assuredly as Magna Charta. I found but a languid interest in the affair.

"What did Lloyd George say?"

"When?"

"This afternoon—to the conference of Trade Union delegates?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just glanced at the headlines."

That was the sort of reception by the general of a statement that was going to influence their lives, and the lives of their children, and the lives of their children's children profoundly. The explanation is that we have come to prefer comment to news. We want to have everything explained in a few simple words—which may put a quite wrong interpretation on the matter. If sober and educated men would only think for themselves more, and rely on their pet leader-writer less, we should escape a vast deal of the confused thinking that prolongs the war.

### Sir Arthur Yapp's Breakfast.

Sir Arthur Yapp has had no butter or margarine for breakfast "this week." Sir Arthur has delivered himself of this momentous statement for the benefit of a waiting world. Are we staggered by the announcement? Are we gazing at each other with horror-stricken eyes? Are our pale, drawn lips parted in the effort to recover breath?

I can go several better than Sir Arthur Yapp in this matter. I can say that not only have I had no butter or margarine for my breakfast this week, but that I cannot remember when I did have butter or margarine for my breakfast. At the present moment, there is no butter at all in my humble establishment. More than that, I don't know when there will be any. In addition to that, I don't care twopence, for my own sake, when there will be any.

Rather footling, isn't it, all this gossip about butter? Butter is not essential to human existence. I suppose butter is very pleasant, and very health-giving, and all that sort of thing; but is

it worth all the fuss and the chatter and the speech-making? If we had no bread, or no water, or no air, we might feel inclined to tell somebody about it. But so long as we have the bare necessities of life it seems rather small, at such a time as this, to twaddle on about little luxuries.

When the war is over, I suppose some people will still go on telling each other of the difficulties they had to get butter. But the great majority, I should hope, will set cheerfully to work to get the house in order.

### "The Emancipation of Women."

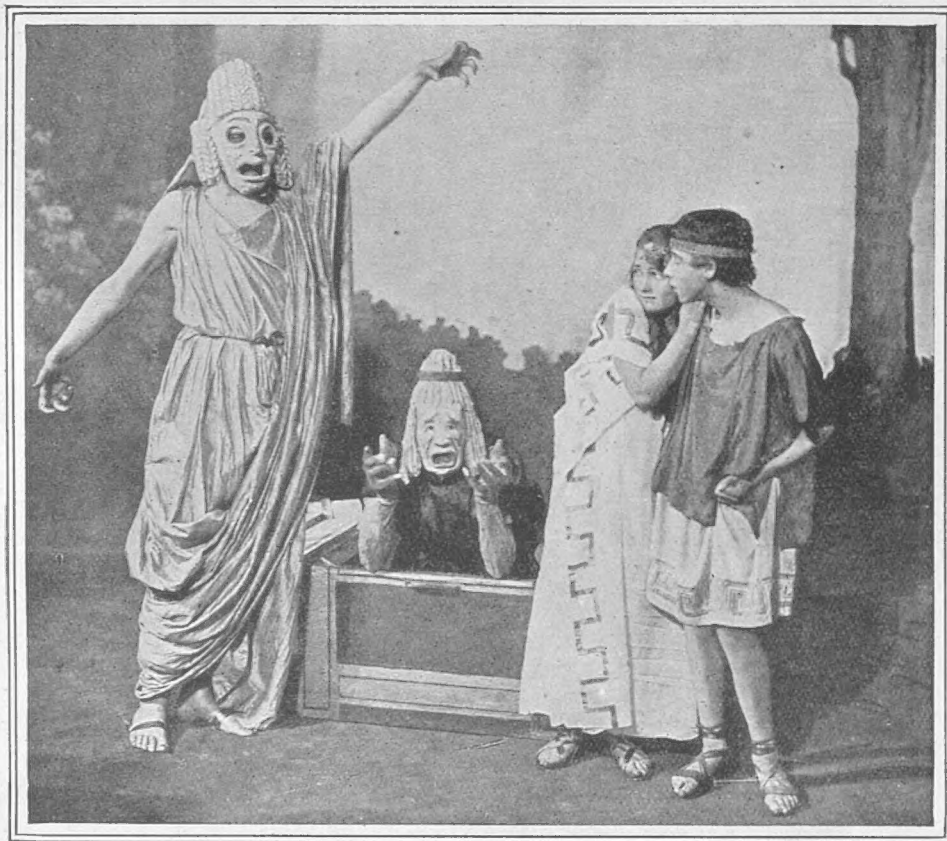
Lady Byron, it seems, is still very much afraid that women are to be left in the lurch. "The man who votes against the emancipation of women," she is reported to have just said, "has no right to call himself a Christian." That, and nothing less, is Lady Byron's opinion.

Speaking for myself, I shall never vote against the emancipation of women. That I solemnly promise. If I can arrange it, they shall be tremendously emancipated. They shall be more emancipated than they themselves can possibly hope for or imagine.

The only trouble is that I have not the faintest idea what Lady Byron or anybody else means by the "emancipation" of women. What is it? What do they want? What more can we give them?

Will anybody deny that women have had all the best of it in this war? Thousands have suffered; some have died. I do not allude to these. But I think it must be admitted that the men have suffered, necessarily and proudly, out of all proportion to the women. Take London alone, for example. Look at the crowds in the streets, on the Tubes, in the theatres, in the picture-palaces, in the tea-shops, in the restaurants, in the shops. Count the smiling and the laughing faces, and see how many of them are the faces of men. And see, also, how many are the faces of miserable, down-trodden, unappreciated, and "unemancipated" women.

That is the trouble. One does not know what it is they want.

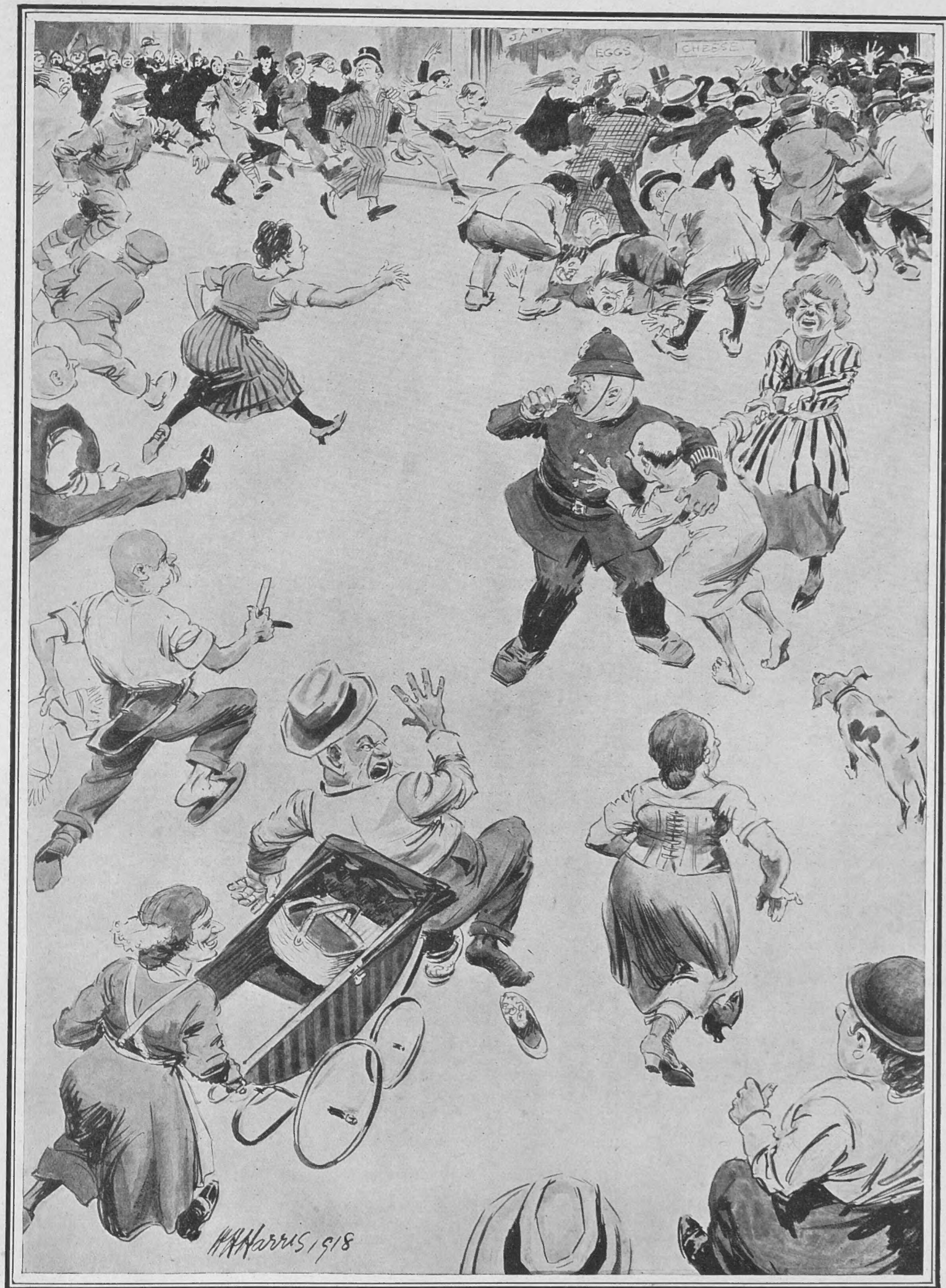


FROM HAWTHORNE'S "WONDER TALES": EPIMETHEUS AND PANDORA.

Miss Hazel Jones is so charming as Pandora, and Mr. Patrick Ludlow so frank and unaffected as Epimetheus, in Misses Rose O'Neill and Ethel Welch's version of the old fable, that one is tempted to disbelieve the classic legend of Pandora's box and its ill-omened contents. Classical masks and costumes render the version at the Ambassadors' Theatre spectacularly suitable for presentation as a holiday entertainment upon new lines based on ancient fables.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



BUT—A RUMOUR !



NOT A "TAKE COVER" WARNING—MERELY AN EARLY-MORNING BUTTER RUMOUR IN SUBURBIA

DRAWN BY H. H. HARRIS.





### For Disabled Service Men.

An interesting show lasting from the 14th to the 30th of this month is the Exhibition of War Models held at 315-317, Oxford Street, on the premises kindly lent by Thomas Parsons and Sons. The Exhibition is in aid of the War Seal Foundation initiated to provide Happy Homes and specialised treatment therein for permanently and totally disabled Service men. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra is taking a great interest in the show and its purpose. Many well-known people are among the patrons, and visited the show-rooms on the opening day. The Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, Princess Arthur of Connaught, and Princess Alice all helped in the work; while Queen Amélie of Portugal is a zealous leader of this and other such efforts to soften the fate of the sick soldiers.



"HA! HA! THEY USED TO SHY AT ME—NOW THEY'RE SHY OF ME."

"Cocoanuts were 8d. each in a City fruiterer's to-day."—Daily Paper.

and the three letters "P.P.C." are indeed meaning these days *pour prendre congé*.

### Shopping in Fairyland.

Just returned from a visit to fairyland in company with Bluebell and a twelve-year-old daughter of the sock and buskin. I thoroughly enjoyed my three-hours journey away from this war-worn world into the realm of loving kindness. Shopland was just as crowded as it is now, only, instead of standing in queues, everyone was dancing! A friend of mine who saw the first production was wondering how Miss Terriss had managed to remain unchanged—she is as fair, as fresh, and as charmingly ingenuous as ever. Sorrow seems to have passed her by. Now, this is not because she lives for herself alone; she and her husband are ready—one might almost say hasty—to respond to any appeal for help, public or private.

### Budding Again.

There is another revival of an old fashion. Miss Alice van Heddeghem, whose flower-pictures are so well known, and examples of whose work are hung in Queen Mary's own rooms, is making some effective pictures of flowers in the old manner: in baskets, etc., posed against a black—apparently black velvet—ground. You know the sort of thing I mean? These pictures were held in high regard in Queen Victoria's young days, and are again becoming the fashion.



THE "FIRST SEA LADY" OF THE ADMIRALTY: DAME FURSE, DIRECTOR OF THE "WRENS" (WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE).

Photograph by Sport and General.

### No Sleeping Draught for the Onlookers.

It is safe to predicate that "Sleeping Partners" at the St. Martin's has come to stay. It is quite a first-class play of its kind, and the kind happens to be one that the public likes and flocks to see. Mr. Seymour Hicks is in his element, for never did actor make love more fervently, more

audaciously, more entertainingly, or at greater length; and it all seems so simple that one is inclined to murmur, "What fools women are!" But that is just where the merit of Mr. Hicks's particular form of address comes in; *summa ars est celare artem*, and he makes the whole thing look easy because he appears to know exactly and instinctively where the foolish places occur, so true is it in love as in war that the most successful general is he who makes the fewest mistakes. Incidentally, the play also provides a lengthy telephone episode which is even more humorous than that of our ancient friend the naturalised Teuton who wanted his shutter mended; and which no one with a fit of depression to be exorcised (and who has not just now?) must miss. And Miss Lessing's gowns? Well, they must be seen to be believed. Her white gown and cloak would make history—except for this war.



LABOUR MILITANT! MAJOR W. WATTS MORGAN, D.S.O.

Major Morgan, the Rhondda Miners' leader, led his labour company to join the Guards and repel Germans with spades and picks. Photograph by Bassano.

### For Love of the Sailor Brother.

sailors and soldiers, has had a brilliant and kindly notion. She has three tables for each tea, and sailor and soldier boys have a good time under her and her friends' hospitable eyes. The other day she conceived the idea of asking a munition girl-worker to take charge of one of the tables and act as her proxy, and that is what will happen at the next tea on Jan. 15. As the munition girl has an invalided sailor brother, she is to have a table for sailor lads. A good notion, don't you think?

### An Original Programme.

Much interest is being shown in the concert which takes place at the Æolian Hall on Jan. 26 at 3.15. Miss Mairi Matheson, the beautiful Highland girl singer who made such a big success at the Coliseum recently, is giving her first recital. Her programme will consist of Hebridean folk-songs and Gaelic traditional songs. There is a large public for this music, as is proved by the statement made recently that 26,000 Scots have never spoken English! Miss Matheson, who will be assisted by Margaret Stoddart, with Miss May Walker at the piano, often goes to camps to sing in Gaelic to the men from Nova Scotia, who are more apt with Gaelic than English, strange as it may seem.

### To Box or Not to Box?

A deal of good is being done for shell-shock soldiers by suggestionists. Dr. Leahy, at the Prince of Wales's Hospital, is, of course, well of work has not been done by women to any

known. This kind extent, and I was surprised to meet a tall, good-looking girl who has quite an extensive practice, and some very eminent surgeons behind her. She told me suggestion may be regarded as a mental anaesthetic, and it is being used successfully in this way, where ordinary anaesthetics cannot be administered on account of low condition, fever, etc. This is a wonderful century, and the first woman suggestionist I have ever met has developed her powers and work



"THEN I'LL KEEP THE HEADACHE. THEY'RE ALSO MORE EXPENSIVE TO GET." "It is 32 times more expensive to cure a headache now than before the war."—Daily Paper.



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN: PROPOSED SUBSTITUTES FOR RAMESES AND ASSURBANIPAL AT THE MUSEUM. The scheme for commandeering the British Museum for the Air Council has been abandoned. Our Artist imagines what the new exhibits would have been.



principally during this war. Her name is Miss Bourke, and she confirmed what I had previously heard, that under suggestion—which is a lighter form of hypnosis—no one can be influenced to do anything of which they disapprove in conscious hours. For instance, a nurse invited to box a doctor's ears—by suggestion—refused the invitation, saying "it was not right." But supposing she had not had such a high regard for that doctor?—I could not help wondering.



"WHERE DO YOU PUT THE TELEPHONE NOW, MARY?"  
"INSIDE THE PIANO, SIR."

"The telephone is not naturally beautiful, and the newest home decoration is devoted to hiding it artistically."—*Daily Paper.*

the great man. We were about twenty or thirty in number, patients and guests. Among the guests I saw Paul de Guise Hite, the artist, who has just sent a picture to Paris for the big exhibition which will be held instead of the usual Salon, and who constantly gives entertainments for the officers in hospital.

#### Sweet Violet.

Violet Loraine, whom I visited recently in her pretty dressing-room at the Alhambra, tells me that through the kindness of the public who want her autographs, and send small sums for charities with their requests, she will soon be able to hand over another £50 to St. Dunstan's. If only Violet Loraine could spare time to play Rosalind, I think we should find we had one of the most delightful of Rosalinds in our midst. She is quite keen to play the part, and may some day; but, having a deal of work to do and being a very popular little lady, she finds it difficult to get time for study.

#### A Change of Atmosphere.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Wonder Tales" at the Ambassadors in the afternoons and "Out of Hell" at night struck me as an amusing contrast. I have seen the "Wonder Tales," which I found perfectly charming, and the singing of Miss Mary Grey something too good to be missed by anyone. Miss Grey has a beautiful voice, and in it a note of tenderness that sheds a sweet melancholy around childless folk when she sings the delicious lullaby in "Philemon et Baucis." With her pretty fair hair and regal figure, she looked a fine specimen of Greek womanhood; and the children who acted with her and Philemon—who was sincere and strong—were the dearest wee things. Miss Grey told me after the performance that she was looking forward to playing in "The Little Brother," a new play by Benedict James which will be produced by her husband—Mary Grey is Mrs. J. Bernard Fagan—before very long. She has never played outside her husband's management except for a few performances with Princess Bariatsky. The prospects for the new play seem bright—a fine, sincere actress for the principal woman; a clever writer who knows his theatre in Benedict James; a producer who loves producing and does it remarkably well in Mr. Fagan.



RECENTLY MARRIED TO THE MATRON OF BALMORAL HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED (MISS OLIVE BRYSON): SIR WILLIAM BARTON, M.P.  
Photograph by Bassano.

#### Gladys Cooper's Top Form.

Miss Gladys Cooper, so Mr. Scott-Gatty tells me, does not mind raid nights, and is at her top form on such occasions. He was remarking (and he has been twenty months in France, and knows something about it) that this war has taught

us all that courage is not the prerogative of man. By the way, talking of that soldier man, Mr. Scott-Gatty, who is now an actor in "The Yellow Ticket," I hear he has had a tempting offer to do cinema work. He ought to be good in it, for he has served a good and long apprenticeship in acting. He was with Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson during his United States tour, and played all the leading parts with him.

#### A Snowed Maiden.

Fryn Tennyson Jesse, the clever young author of "The Milky Way," "Secret Bread," and part-author of "Billeted," the play at the Royalty, is in a cottage in Cornwall, and has been snowed up for a season. Stores being low, she has been subsisting on one bowl of porridge per day, with no milk or sugar. It must be difficult to write witty dialogue when one's constant thought is, "Where can I get more food?" I suspect Lord Rhondda, though possessed of a kind heart, would like us all to be snowed up for a while. We should all then regard ordinary rations as a Lucullus feast!



"YOU MUST GO TO THE END OF THE QUEUE, SIR."

"BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BUY. I ONLY WANT TO SEE THE BUTCHER SLAP THE LAST 'TWO-EYED STEAK'."

"Slapping the newspaper, as an East End butcher slaps the last two-eyed steak at his Saturday night auction."—From "A Man's Man," by Ian Hay.

For those as innocent of the matter as Ian Hay, it may be noted that a "two-eyed steak" is a bloater!

witching astride costume and a flat brown hat of orthodox style; Walter Foy, too, was to be seen in riding kit. The evening dances and concerts have been as popular as ever; and the frocks don't betray any knowledge of a war. George Graves—without his gazeeka!—looked in for a little while, but was, I think, stopping at the Royal York Hotel, where the one and only Harry Preston still makes everyone feel so at home. The South Coast town awoke to New Year's Day under a big white sheet, to hear a whistling east wind; but the morning became clear and fine, and a number of visitors sallied out to get a pre-prandial breather. I saw the Swedish Ambassador and Countess Wrangel—they are staying at the Bedford Hotel. Sir Henry Dalziel, with his honours fresh upon him, has been heartily congratulated by his many friends. He has just joined the New Club, that local centre of politics and social life in Brighton.

#### Yet More Driving Power.

I hear that Lord Clan-carty has joined the Croix Rouge Française as an ambulance driver, and is about to set out for France to do his bit for the war with loyal energy.



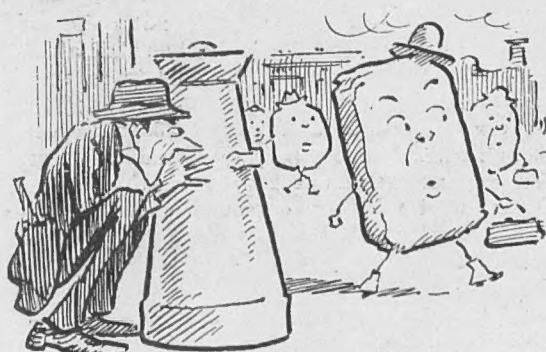
SAL VOLATILE NEXT? AN AIR SERVICE RECRUIT.

"The Government has commandeered the whole supply of castor oil for lubricating aeroplanes."—*Daily Paper.*

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#### Brighton Notes.

*La Ville sans lumières* is very full, and enjoying a pleasant, windless climate—a little cold, but fine. The Metropole has its usual quota of visitors. I saw Sir Arthur Priestley, M.P., just returned from Italy, where he went with the Parliamentary deputation; Lord Farquhar; Lady Compton; Irene Richards, newly wed to Lord Queensberry's heir; the strikingly tall and handsome Mrs. Stone, an American visitor; Adrah Fair, most becomingly clad in a long mole-coloured coat, with quantities of moleskin and a great muff to match; Dorothy Henson, her blonde hair bobbed, came in from a ride, in a bewitching astride costume and a flat brown hat of orthodox style; Walter Foy, too, was to be seen in riding kit. The evening dances



SHERLOCK HOLMES GETS BUSY AGAIN.

"The crusade against food-hoarding has led to a new pastime among the inquisitive, who watch the arrival of food parcels at local railway stations and note their destination."—*Daily Mail.*

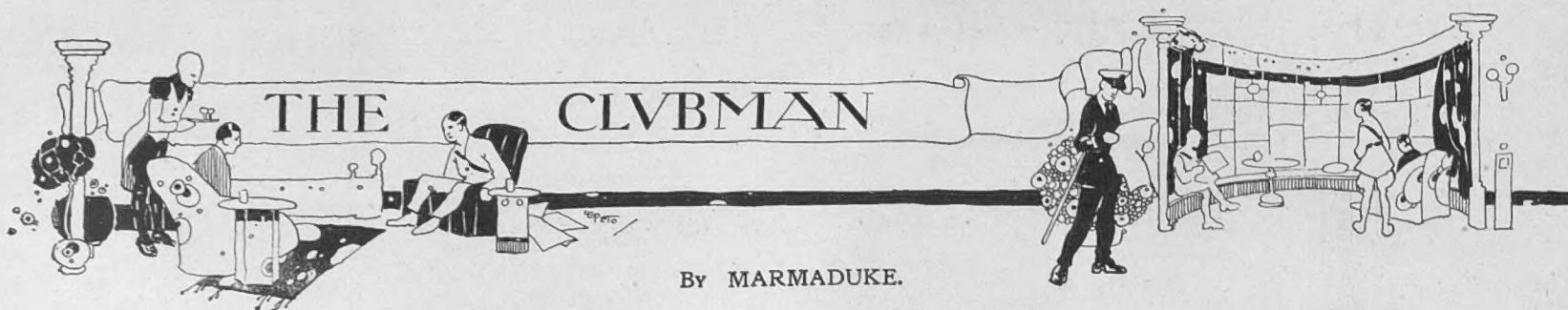


UNVEILING A TRIBUTE TO THE MAID OF FRANCE AT THE JOAN OF ARC HUT: H.H. PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA.

From left to right are the Hon. Anne Macnaghten and Miss Picton Turberville, Princess Helena Victoria (daughter of Princess Christian), and Lady Henry Grosvenor. The hut is for munition girls at Plumstead.

Photograph by News Illustrations.





By MARMADUKE.

THAT it requires "a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotsman" is an insult which can but amuse a race notoriously possessed of the sense of humour. Nothing less, however, than an appropriate equivalent to "forcible feeding" will reconcile the Englishman to a new idea or methods differing from those to which he is accustomed. The war has led the country to the cross-roads, the sign-post at which points to "Change" and the alternative, "Ruin"—England has to choose definitely between the two. All are familiar with the expression "the flight of Time"; 1918 is, apparently, destined to reverse the phrase, it being generally predicted for the year that it is to be "the Time of Flight."

When attention was first directed to the balloon in the United States, it was asked of Benjamin Franklin what practical objects to be attained warranted interest in the experiments. "What is the use of a new-born babe?" replied Franklin—adding, without waiting for the answer, "It may become a man." Having successively "cut its teeth" and been "breeched," Flight has reached the "age of discretion"; from "education" and "experience" much is to be expected. The introduction of the cycle was opposed in the country by scattering nails upon the roadway; fortunate is it for England that Flight is not to be delayed by studding with tin-tacks the skies!

Close upon a century ago, a Mr. Joseph Buchanan, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, invented a steam-engine weighing little over three hundred pounds and possessed of fifty-horse power. He prophesied that, "When the winds are not unfavourable, the use of the engine applied to Flight will enable citizens of Washington to attend dinner-parties at Boston, returning home the same evening; the mails to be carried in a day from New York to the most distant parts of the Union; and American merchants and others to visit Europe, for business or pleasure, and return within the week." The predictions are approaching fulfilment—and at "excess-speed."

Greater strides were taken at the beginning of the nineteenth century towards the improvement of balloons than is known to most. Blanchard constructed a balloon, for instance, having so large a carrying capacity that upon a flight from Paris to Marseilles ten persons accompanied him, four of the men and four of the women of whom danced a quadrille in the "basket" for over a quarter-of-an-hour, whilst over two thousand feet from the ground.

The English of to-day appear to have shorter memories than had even their immediate predecessors, which is probably to be accounted for by there

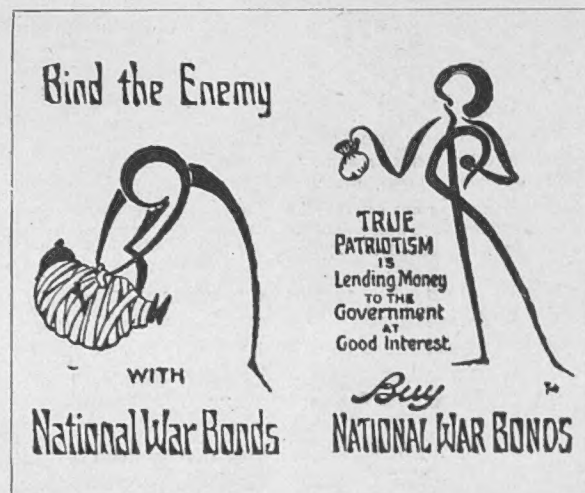
Aug. 20, 1825, a paragraph relating to the custom—to which especial interest is attached in consequence of the concluding statement: "The bone-mills in Germany are increasing much, and said to be now in full activity. The wars have supplied material, and the Germans tell us that the powder is not only excellent as a 'fertiliser,' but much used in England and Belgium in the manufacture of loaf-sugar and paste." It is to be assumed from the last sentence that the "powder" was exported to England

for the objects mentioned—which, if correct, will equally surprise and shock all of us who fully realise all that the assertion means and involves, or at least implies.

Touching the subject of past resemblances, an amusing story may be quoted from a London paper published towards the end of the eighteenth century. "THE REAL JOHN BULL.—A farmer some time ago made a purchase of an Alderney cow, which he told the bailiff to lead into the pasture; the man considered some time, and then refused to obey. The master naturally grew angry; but the man was resolved, saying he 'would not take care of a French cow for any master upon earth.'"

"The Embassy at Washington is no longer a monopoly of the Diplomatic Service; it is the 'pick' of the nation that is to represent Great Britain for the future in the United States—not of Mayfair," is the criticism uttered by a British ex-Ambassador upon hearing of Lord Reading succeeding Sir Cecil Spring Rice as High Commissioner. The circumstance, taken by itself, might be of little significance; but, in connection with the previous appointments of the late Lord Pauncefoot and Lord Bryce as Ambassadors at Washington, it implies a decisive break in the system hitherto controlling promotion to Embassies. The old principle that a member of the Diplomatic Service was alone fitted to occupy posts of the kind, and had almost the right to promotion to them by seniority, is slowly being abandoned. The reform is but one of many in preparation: it is certain that at none of the great Departments of State are such sweeping changes imminent as at the Foreign Office.

It was only a comparatively few years ago that not only was Washington raised from a Legation to an Embassy, but that a sufficient salary was attached to the appointment. As late as 1902, the British Ambassador at Paris received £9000 a year; the Ambassadors at Berlin, Constantinople, and Vienna £8000 respectively; the Ambassadors at St. Petersburg £7500, and at Rome £7000—and the Minister at Washington £6500, though the expenses at the last-mentioned post far exceeded those of the others. It required a long and severe agitation—mostly conducted in the columns of the "Society papers" of the day—to prevail upon the Foreign Office to alter the conditions. There still seemed to linger in the minds of the authorities at the office the impression that America was a rebellious British Colony of lesser importance and dignity than the great European Powers!



GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING, NEW STYLE: A COUPLE OUT OF TWELVE LITTLE ADVERTISEMENTS ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE.



HOSPITAL-WORKER AND ACTRESS: MISS NAN WILCOX—AS MABEL, IN "PAMELA."

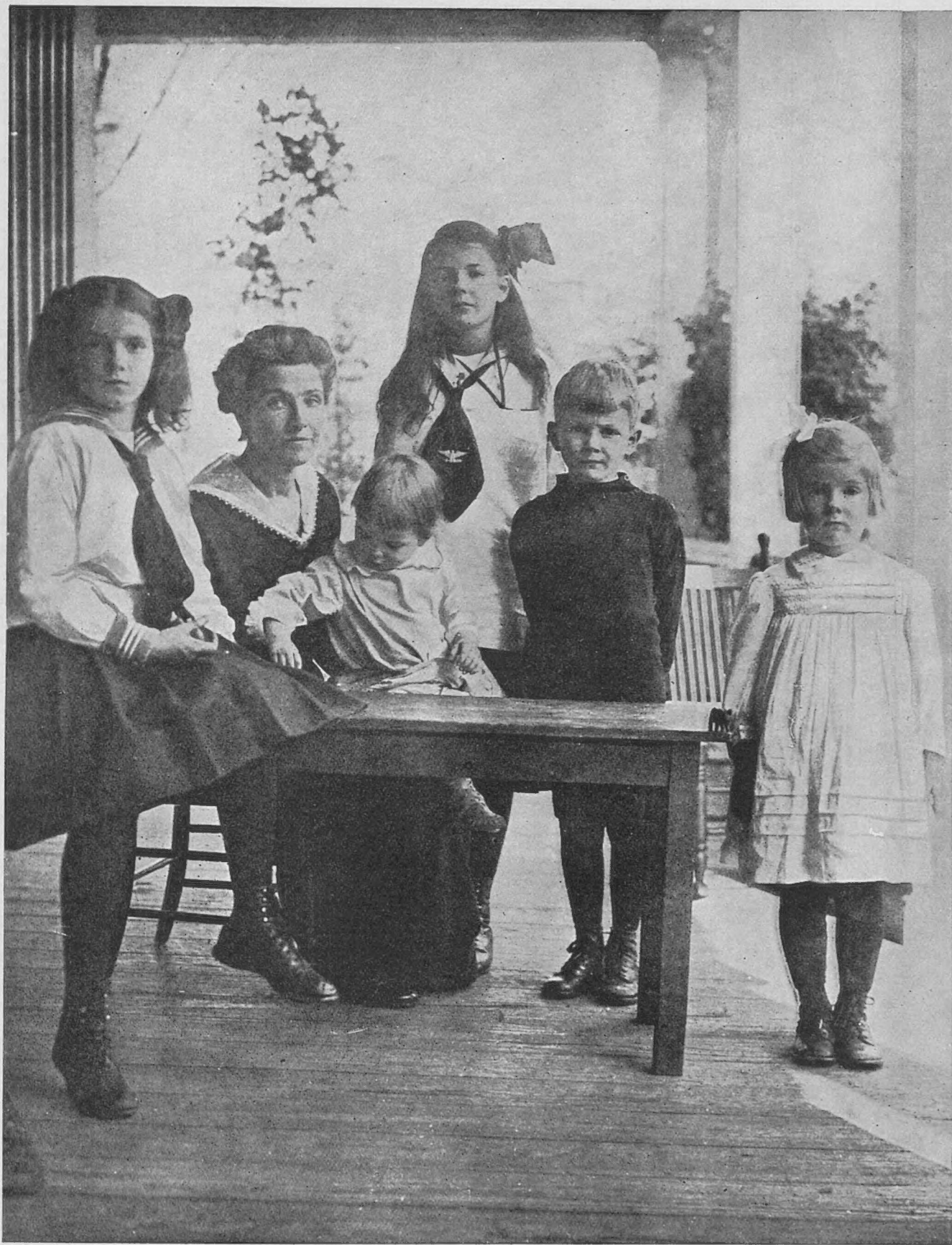
For a year or so, Miss Wilcox has been working at a hospital for officers, in Queen Ann's Street.

Camera-study by Bertram Park.

being more to occupy attention and insufficient leisure for reading: a fact only too obvious for any reasonable person to dispute. Otherwise, it would be remembered that the Germans have employed the bones of the dead from the battlefield from early times! There was published in the *Weekly Despatch* of



## AT THE HOME OF A FAMOUS U.S. SAILOR: A FAMILY GROUP.



THE WIFE AND FAMILY OF ADMIRAL SIMS, WHO HAS BEEN RECEIVED BY THE KING ON APPOINTMENT AS U.S. NAVAL ATTACHÉ: MRS. SIMS AND THE CHILDREN.

It was stated in the "Court Circular" of January 9 that: "The following had the honour of being received by the King, Vice-Admiral W. S. Sims, upon his appointment as United States Naval Attaché"—and a Canadian Minister. Admiral Sims, who, years ago, made a celebrated speech to the effect that he looked to see a day when Great Britain and the United States fought side by side—a prophecy that has come true—crossed the

Atlantic last spring in command of the first U.S. war-ships sent over. He also temporarily had charge of the British light squadron watching off the West of Ireland—a unique honour. In the photograph, his wife and family are shown. Reading from left to right, the names are: Adelaide Sims (8), Mrs. William S. Sims, Ethan Allen Hitchcock Sims (18 months), Margaret Hitchcock Sims (11), William Sowden Sims (5), and Anna Hitchcock Sims (3½).

Photograph supplied by Topical.



# "WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR"



MRS. CLEMENTINE CHURCHILL, C.B.E.,  
Ladies' Auxiliary Committee (Munitions Section),  
Y.M.C.A. Wife of the Right Hon. Winston  
Churchill, P.C.



ELLEN, LADY ASKWITH, C.B.E.,  
Lady Askwith has done valuable work  
on the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee  
(Munitions Section) of the Y.M.C.A.



FLORA, LADY LUGARD, D.B.E.,  
Lady Lugard is the Joint Founder of  
War Refugees' Committee, and Founder  
of Lady Lugard Hospitality Committee.



MISS FRANCES LOUISE STEVENSON, C.B.E.,  
Miss Stevenson is Private Secretary to the Prime  
Minister, and was also Secretary to him in 1913,  
1915, and 1916.



MISS ELLA TROUT, MEDAL OF THE O.B.E.  
Although knowing the danger from enemy sut-  
marines, Miss Trout pulled out to a torpedoed steamer  
and rescued a drowning sailor.



MISS MABEL ELEANOR CLARKE,  
Of Poplar. Medal of the O.B.E. A tele-  
phonist who showed great courage and  
devotion to duty during air-raids.



OLIVE CROFTON, LADY SMITH-DORRIEN, D.B.E.,  
Has done much kindly and useful work in her  
capacity of President of the Hospital Bag Fund  
during the war.

WAR HONOURS FOR WOMEN WORKERS IN MANY FIELDS OF

Photographs by Vandyk, J. T. Newman, Elliott and Fry, Illustrations Bureau.



# BRITISH EMPIRE ORDER HONOURS FOR WOMEN.



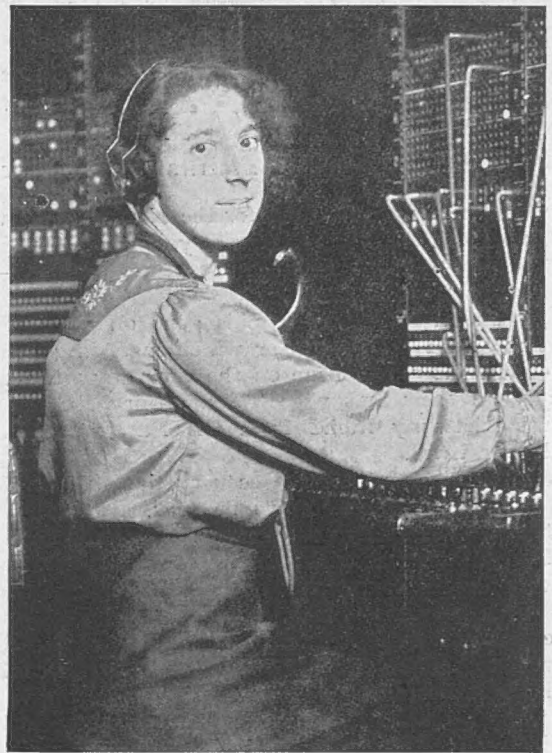
MISS LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA, C.B.E.,  
Has done beneficent work as Joint Founder of the  
Polish Refugees Fund. Daughter of the late Sir  
L. Alma-Tadema, O.M., R.A.



EDITH HARRIET, LADY SCLATER,  
D.B.E.,  
Has spent much time in her capacity of Pre-  
sident of Work-Room and Smokes Fund.



MRS. MAY WEBSTER, D.B.E.,  
Mrs. Webster (May Whitty) is Chairman of  
the British Women's Hospital Committee,  
and the Three Arts Fund.



MISS FLORENCE MARY CASS, MEDAL  
OF THE O.B.E.  
A telephonist who showed courage and devotion to  
duty in charge of an exchange during an explosion.



MARGARET, BARONESS AMPHILL, G.B.E.,  
President of the Bedfordshire Branch of the British  
Red Cross Society; Member of Council; Head of  
the Voluntary Aid Department, Devonshire House.



MRS. AMY POMEROY, M.B.E.,  
Mrs. Pomeroy is an Australian lady,  
honoured for executing a task requiring  
exceptional courage and self-sacrifice.



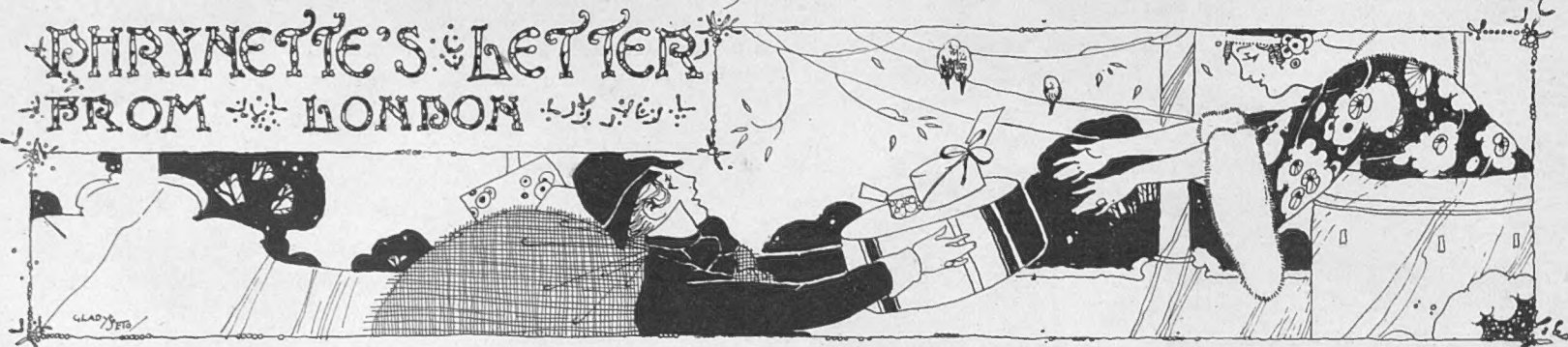
MISS KATHLEEN BURKE, C.B.E.,  
Awarded the honour for carrying out the "thousand  
dollars a day" lecturing tour in America, for war  
hospitals.

CTIVE BENEFICENCE IN WAR TIME: SOME OF THE RECIPIENTS.

ringdon Photo. Company Russell. Lallie Charles. Central Pressg E. O. Hoppé, Swaine.



# PHYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



## SOME YAPPETITE!—FROM KOBE TO CANNES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

**A**MONG the many good wishes for the New Year, reader dears, it's no good, I suppose, to wish you "Bon Appétit," when it comes to restrictions on ices in January—a chilling prospect to one's "little Mary"!

An English reader of mine who is gone on a business trip to Japan sent me from there a letter which made my mouth water. Curiously enough, it reached me on the very day when newspapers were proudly on their first page "Compulsory Rations at Last." That is just what my friend from the East would like to see established over there.

After waxing eloquent on the scenery, he goes on to relate—somewhat too bitterly, it seems to me, for, after all, like Adam, he did eat of it!—the disgrace of a ten-course dinner!

"The food that is wasted in Japan, dear Phrynette! I should like to send you some menus that one sees here; it is wicked when Europe is so short of necessities.

"The other evening I had two American friends to dinner, and I went round to an hotel near here, famous for its cooking—only usual tourists don't know of it—and told the *chef* to give me a nice dinner for three people; didn't discuss it at all, and this is what we gotten, which will go to prove what I tell you; it is really appalling this waste: 'Hors d'Œuvres; (3) Baby lobster, mayonnaise sauce; Roasted oysters (three dozen); Chicken soup; Fish; Sweetbreads and green peas; (2) Chicken (roast); Fillet beef and poached eggs; Grilled snipe, asparagus; Steam pudding, ice-cream.'

"As course followed course, we looked at one another in despair, wondering where it would all end. As you see, the quantity was large—not small portions. And that is what is happening all the time here—people sit down to a ten-course dinner, or a six-course tiffin, without turning a hair or undoing a button." (Well, kimonos have no buttons, have they?)

"And the cost of that dinner, with a bottle of sparkling Burgundy, coffee, and liqueurs, was 18.90 dollars, or 38s. In New York it would have cost £12—we worked it out. And, of course, this waste is going on at innumerable hotels all over the country."

I suppose, after reading and *digesting* the above (oh, irony!), the after-the-war wedded pairs will all go to Japan for their honeymoon!

Of course, Japan is not the only place where one can feed well—but not as cheaply! A young khaki You on leave was telling me the other day of a sumptuous Christmas dinner he and two of his chums had had in a small French town. The *gourmet* included a rabbit and a duck, both of tender years; but when came "*la douloureuse*" (the bill), it was, however, not so tender—rather stiff, in fact: 35 francs.

"That comes to about something like twelve francs each," I calculated arduously; "it is rather a lot for a country dinner!"

"Oh, but," said the You, "I did not say for the three of us; we paid 35 francs *each*!"

Monstrous! I blush for that culpable countrywoman of mine who cooked and concocted that Christmas dinner. She did in truth "put a rabbit" to those poor soldier boys. ("Poser un lapin," in French slang, means to pull one's leg, to deceive, to take advantage of.)

While I am teaching you slang, you may like to know the very newest, if not the very best, colloquial French—*Oui? Bon.* "Camoufler" has now passed into the civilian conversation, and means to cause to disappear. So that one can now "camoufler" one's pal's Donah, or one's pal's tobacco-pouch, without much artistic abilities—or could one always?

A bore is "deposited" (when possible, that is!), and a tall story, or even a true one, does not "épater" any longer, but just "asphyxiate." Reminiscences of poison-gas, no doubt!

Rather picturesque, is it not?

And, still on slang, it would seem, according to *Les Annales*—which is an honest and erudite paper—that the word "chic" is not French at all, as we believed; but a Boche word brought back by our soldiers after the Thirty Years' War—another article made in Germany! And it should be spelt "schick." Well, perhaps it should; but it shan't!

On quaint colloquialisms.

A schoolboy who was asked to translate "*In medio tutissimus ibis*" (which I interpret as the safest course being the middle one) offered the following: "The ibis is safest in the middle." And they talk of calling up more of your schoolmasters!

The same young You—a talented painter—who told me of the rabbit and duck, and how he had likewise been skinned and plucked, also told me at the Café Royal that in the town of — (no, you don't catch us!) there was another Café Royal, only more so. (Can it mean in Republican France *plus Royaliste que le Roi*?) "It is full," said he, "of *chic*" (or *schick*?) "Frenchwomen with wondrous hats. None had bobbed hair—probably," he added quaintly, "because they don't know Augustus John!"

Here, *mes amis*, we are beginning to tighten *pour de bon* our belt—or stays—according to sex (or choice).

In pre-war days there was always an excellent house-dinner for half-a-crown on Wednesday and Saturday, at 5.45 for 6, at the Green Room Club, now situated in Leicester Square. Some rising star was always asked to take the chair; and sometimes, when the chairman was a member and had been extraordinarily lucky, he provided all the diners with the wine of the gods—the sparkling stream of champagne. *Ehu tempora mutantur!* Now there is no set dinner, but those so fortunate as to be playing at night must still begin their meal at six. This is a great disadvantage, as Dora decrees that the cocktail must be



"Restrictions on ices."



"Kimonos have no buttons."





"They don't know Augustus John."

taken as a *sorbet*. At 6.29 p.m. all the waitresses leave the dining-room, and return as the witching hour strikes with the overdue refreshment. Later, about 7.30, especially on Saturdays, comes the khaki crowd. Not long ago were there at one time Henry Ainley, now guarding an anti-aircraft gun in Leeds (happy gun!); Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Loraine, R.F.C.; Basil Foster, with like rank; Captain Herbert Jarman, R.F.C.; A. W. Bascourt, Private, Royal Engineers; Leslie Henson, mechanic, R.F.C. (but wearing a uniform issued in Savile Row).

Mr. Edmund Gwern and Mr. Stanley Brett, who joined up as privates in the Motor Transport, have now their commissions, and their fine organising ability will no longer be wasted. I believe one of them spent an entire afternoon, shortly after he joined up, in getting on to a motor-lorry at the command of a Company Sergeant-Major, and off at the behest of a Second-Lieutenant, and then on again and off again, and *si da capo* till set of sun!

There is just an establishment which may prove of interest to our American visitors—even to the one who does not like old buildings—founded in 1786: Gunter's, of the Sign of the Pot and Pine-Apple, of 7, Berkeley Square; he should visit it if he wants to make a just comparison between English ice-creams and American ice-cream sodas. I seized the opportunity of a very belated St. Martin's summer to have a strawberry-cream ice, and, though the war had limited the size of the helping, the quality was unchanged.

"We can't wear short-uppered boots with short skirts."

The shop is like Mutton's, of Brighton, but even more dignified; and has the added attraction of a priceless Sèvres dessert-service displayed on the shelves. I should love to steal just one dish; it is supported by three little Cupids, with gilded comforters round their necks—the rest of their costume can be imagined. I saw a notice displayed to the effect that Messrs. Gunter, having secured the entire ice-cargo of the *Platoff* from Greenland, could again supply their customers as heretofore with fruit-ices. As I was wondering why the Food Controller had not stepped in and secured the ice for the hospitals, I saw the date—July 5, 1823. At tea-time you will always meet someone of interest there. Last autumn I sometimes saw Mrs. Asquith with her son Anthony. Don't tell the Food Controller, but I do believe that Mrs. Asquith contented herself with a glass of iced water, so that her son could have her ice as well as his own. Bad training!

Our termini in these days are strange places. I very often come home the last hour on the clock, and pass through one of them whence numbers of our blue and khaki lads entrain. The big,

silent station is dark under the stars; there are few trains, and hardly any civilians to be seen; one or two mail vans, some porters struggling with letter-bags and *grande vitesse* packages, and the ladies of the free buffet, are about the only signs of life. Suddenly from the passage leading Tube-wards I hear the scrape of heavy boots, and loud, deep voices. Curiosity takes me to the head of the escalator, and I see a whole regiment, hale and khaki, pack-laden, swarming up; they are from the northern borders of your country, and regard the journey as a novel excursion, especially the Tube, with its lifts, gates, and sliding stairs. A moment more, and they are pouring into the main-line station, besieging the buffet, clamouring for hot tea and coffee. A number of men from another regiment appear hard on their heels; these, from their sun-helmets, must be going to a Southern land . . . chaps that pass in the night.

I was arguing with an Anzac about Tyburn Tree, and was able to prove to him it was not under the Marble Arch, but sixty-nine feet north the railings of Hyde Park, starting from an iron plate near the gates. Old Tyburn Gate was just a few feet further on. Tyburn Tree was taken down in 1759, and up till the time of this war the place was marked by a brass plate; now only a stone is to be seen. I was nearly run over while searching for it; it is just south of the last island in Edgware Road; and had the full tide of peace traffic been on, I should have met my death as surely as any malefactor of old.

We women are wondering what the boot of the future will be. Our soles shiver when the "Standard styles" are mentioned! They don't know, the authorities, that neither you nor I, dear girls, can wear short-upper boots with short skirts—the hiatus would be inæsthetic.

I expect we shall solve the boot problem, as my countrywomen have done, by wearing shoes—dainty, patent little shoes, with big ribbon bows on top to keep our tootsies warm!

You hardly see boots in Paris now, except on that biped, man.

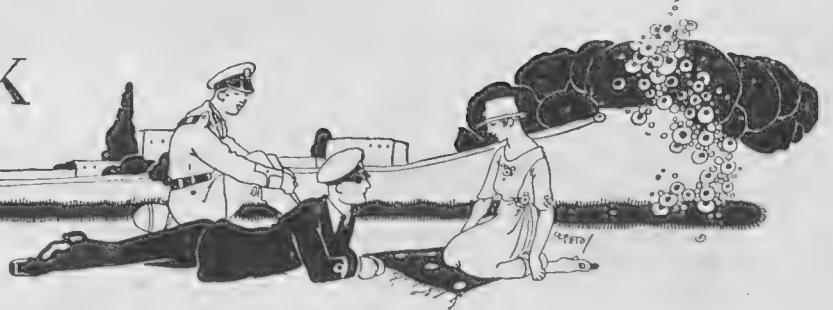
Peggy, at Cannes, is *désespérée*. "What would you," she writes, "in a country where cars were long ago commandeered, and trains can only be used with a *permission*? I had a *petit bleu* from Jacky—the aviator I met when he was on short leave in Paris. He was, like most of your English boys, irresistible; and he wanted me to go over to Marseilles and dine with him before he sailed the blue Méditerranée for Egypt. (I suppose he is now flying over the flat roofs of Jerusalem.) Hélas, the *Mairie* were perfectly obdurate—said that I could not go unless to see my brother or my father leave—as if I should want to! (No *bosse de la famille*, Peggy!) So my poor Jacky had to eat a lonely *bouillabaisse* and cheer himself with *vin rouge*, whilst I stayed *chez moi* and wished the war were not! (We all do, *ma belle*!)



"A bore is deposited."



## SMALL TALK



THE Honours List had a certain dazing effect on me. I had only just got through the last of my letters of congratulation in connection with the old list when I was faced with the task of writing to two or three hundred other worthy people. I suppose mine was no exceptional experience. All of us must know hundreds of members, scores of commanders, and a few knights. No doubt, last Monday's list has brought joy to many homes; but the majority of people I meet—who have not received honours—growl that it is a bad thing for the country, and that those were the good old times when you were quite sure that if a man was called "Sir" or "My Lord" he was jolly rich. I am reminded of the joke in *Punch* which quite crystallised the feeling of the 'eighties on this subject. An honest middle-class Briton was expressing his contempt for foreign Counts and Marquises. "Give me a real nobleman," he said,

"like the Duke of Westminster, who could buy up a thousand of these fellers."

#### The Revolt of the Mummies.

It seems extraordinary that a War Cabinet containing a man of Lord Curzon's culture and æsthetic pretensions should agree to the first hasty demand made for the Museum. The public revolt, however, has succeeded, and the mummies are safe. Will the next attack be made on Mme. Tussaud's waxworks? By the way, it seems to me just as well that the Air Board did not go to Bloomsbury. For there resides there an embalmed Egyptian Princess who is supposed to avenge every liberty taken with her. Had the Priestess of Amen-Ra—or whoever she is—found herself packed off to a furniture repository at the behest of the Air Board, goodness knows what tricks she might not have played with our Mandarins. The Museum question again raises the point whether all these commandeering are really necessary. I was in Paris the other day, and was surprised to find that there was no great evidence of commandeered hotels, and that the Bois and the Champs Elysées suffered from none of the huts that disfigure our public places. And yet France somehow manages to run a considerable army and attend to many matters. But then the French think, even in war-time, of life as a whole; and I cannot imagine any Minister proposing that the Louvre should be turned into a flappers' and subalterns' paradise.

*In the Public Eye.* What with the Lordly controversy over the Suffrage Clause, the Honours List, and the prominent position assigned to their work at the Imperial War Exhibition, women were much in the public eye last week. The all-embracing Honours List, if it does nothing else, certainly suggests a disposition on

the part of the authorities to make up for lost opportunity in the past; and those women who are not yet entitled to the prefix of "Dame," nor yet to the addition of letters after their name, can console themselves with the reflection that, if things are always to be done on the same munificent scale, there is hope, so long as the war lasts, for the humblest. Even, however, if decorations do not come her way, there is always comfort in the message of the Premier's private secretary that "Honours cannot be conferred on all, but work brings its own reward."

*A Hard Worker.* Few women have worked harder during the war than Lady Norman, who, though she has been far from well of late, managed to come to the opening of the Imperial War Exhibition by Lord French, at Burlington House last week. If artists shuddered to see the spaces

sacred to modern masterpieces occupied by photographs and sketches of happenings "over there," the æsthetic sense of the general public remained wholly undisturbed, and I heard nothing but approval of the "show" as a means of enlightening stay-at-homes as to the real character of what life in the war zone means.

#### She Began Early.

As Chairman of the Women's Section of the National War Museum, Lady Norman—who, by-the-bye, is said to have been the first woman to work at a hospital in France—takes an especial interest in that part of the Exhibition dealing with women's work, and more especially in that section of it where small models illustrating various branches of feminine war activity are on view. These are eventually to form a part of the National War Museum, and Lady Norman is sparing no pains to ensure that that part of it for which she is responsible shall be as complete as it is possible to make it.

#### Earl Poo Bah.

So the Earl of Reading is to be High Commissioner of his Majesty in the United States, as well as Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench. It is understood that Lord Reading is

not to be anything so simple as an Ambassador, but the head of a sort of British War Cabinet on foreign but friendly soil. One would imagine that Lord Reading must have to pinch himself hard when he wakes up suddenly at night to imagine where, and what, and who he is. Such rapid progress and such constant change is enough to make the strongest brain reel. There is no likelihood of the emphatically "strong brain" of the former-day Sir Rufus Isaacs "reeling" under any changes of the sort—we may rest assured of that!



ENGAGED: MISS NANCY SWAN.

Miss Nancy Swan is the younger daughter of Colonel C. A. Swan, C.M.G., Spilsby. Her engagement to Lieutenant P. F. P. Berryman, R.N., son of the late Rev. C. P. and Mrs. Berryman, Guildford, is announced.

Photograph by Bassano.



MARRIED, JAN. 10: MISS "BETTY" TRAFFORD-RAWSON.

The wedding of Miss M. Elizabeth Trafford-Rawson to Mr. Marcus Johnston-Lavis, son of the late Professor and of Mrs. Johnston-Lavis, of Villa Lavis, Beaulieu, took place on Jan. 10.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO BE MARRIED ON JAN. 23. MISS ALINE LUCINDA GASTRELL.

Miss Aline Lucinda Gastrell, daughter of Mr. Gastrell (late H.B.M. Diplomatic Consular Services), and Mrs. Gastrell, The Grange, Rockbeare, Devon, is to be married at St. David's Church, Exeter, on Jan. 23, to Mr. George Fursdon, London Rifle Brigade, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fursdon, of Fursdon, Devonshire.

Photograph by Speaight.



ENGAGED: MISS MARY MAXWELL-STUART.

Miss Mary Maxwell-Stuart, eldest daughter of Mr. Edmund and the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Stuart, of Batworth Park, Arundel, Sussex, is a cousin of Baroness Herries, Duchess of Norfolk. Her engagement to Captain Hamish Morton Anderson, R.A.M.C., has just been announced.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



ENGAGED: MISS MILLIE HELEN ROSALIE SIM.

Miss Millie Sim is the only child of the late Mr. Henry Edward Clulow Sim, and Mrs. Sim. Her engagement to Lieutenant William Stanley Mills, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mills, of Moulford Manor, Berks, has been announced.

Photograph by Swaine.



## MARRIED THIS WEEK: A NEW PEERESS.



DAUGHTER OF THE "MASTER OF RUTHVEN": THE NEW COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

We have pleasure in giving a charming photograph of the new Countess of Carlisle, whose marriage to Lieutenant the Earl of Carlisle, Royal Navy, was announced on Saturday to take place this week at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Before her marriage, the new Countess was Miss Bridget Helen Hore-Ruthven, the eldest of the four daughters of the Hon. Walter Patrick Hore-Ruthven, C.M.G., D.S.O., "Master of Ruthven," eldest son, and heir, of the eighth

Baron Ruthven. The holders of the title of Baron Ruthven have voted without protest at the Election of Representative Peers for Scotland, and have been summoned to, and have attended, each Coronation. The Earl of Carlisle, who is the eleventh holder of the title, is serving in the Royal Navy as a Lieutenant, and has been awarded the Croix de Guerre. He succeeded to the title in 1915.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



CREWE HOUSE, the new headquarters of the British-American Mission, has already one memorable association with the United States. For within its walls Mr. Sargent painted one of his most important pictures—the group of the three daughters (and the dog) of Mrs. Charles Hunter, who happened to be the

tenant of Wharnccliffe House, as it was then called, for that season. The green of the great trees in its delightful back-garden was reflected on Mr. Sargent's canvas, and they have a further commemoration in one of the poems of Lawrence Hope. Lord Northcliffe will find himself and his staff most aptly housed in Curzon Street. His own personal tenure of Sutton Place is now finally over; and Mr. Philip Witham, its now son-less owner, has parted with it to the Duke of Sutherland. Sutton Place, in addition to its other attractions, is easy of access to the Londoner; and its new occupant is quite undepressed by its tragic traditions, inherited from Ann Boleyn and Henry VIII. It is now nearly twenty years since the Crewes bought the house, Lord Crewe writing a neat little cheque for £90,000.

*Heir-Raids of Old.* "There is no harm in having £10,000 a year, you know." So wrote Lady Sarah Napier of the first Baron Crewe, who died in 1829. But £10,000 a year at that date—was £10,000. Now they say it hardly counts. Not all things have meanwhile altered so much. "I have been three weeks on

a visit to Crewe Hall," Lady Sarah wrote, her husband and his host "taking excessively to each other," Napier being a very negotiable man, whereas "there are so many men in these days who are *ennuyés* to death if they are not exactly in their own set and at their own amusements." The type is still "in these days." But the Lord Crewe of that time was himself happily variable. "He is a fine catch," says Lady Sarah, "for any Miss; but he is so prodigiously afraid of being married that he won't speak to a Miss." Eight weeks later he did speak to lovely Miss Greville, and she said "Yes." All the mothers, it seems, had an eye on him for his niceness as much as for his riches. In heir-raids, at any rate, the change between now and then is all too complete.



TWO WELL-KNOWN IRISH SPORTSWOMEN: VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT AND MISS SYLVIA BROOKE.

Lady Powerscourt (left) is President of the Co. Wicklow branch of the Red Cross Society, and is an indefatigable worker. Viscount Powerscourt is in the Irish Guards. Miss Sylvia Brooke is a sister of Captain Sir Basil Brooke, Hussars, who is an A.D.C. on the Personal Staff, and has been awarded the Military Cross. Both ladies are keen followers of the leading Irish packs.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

"E. P."

Sir Edward Morris, whatever his title as a Peer, will never be known to his friends as other than "E. P." To be called by your initials is generally a sign of popularity. Besides being this in the case of Newfoundland's retiring Prime Minister, the endearing designation gives an initial prominence to that second name of his, Patrick, which is by newspapers usually ignored. And it is of his Patrick that "E. P." happens to be particularly proud.

"Some Amenities."

Adventures are to the adventurous—in the London streets. But are they? American officers, treading historic pavements, tell me they soon learn not to reckon on romance. So it was quite a little diversion for two Commanders of U.S. destroyers, walking in Westminster, to be spoken to by a civilian, who said he was an M.P., and who offered to show them the House. They were none the less pleased when he happened to mention that his name was John Burns; and among the reminiscences they brought away was the aphorism: "We lost the friendship of America by the obstinacy of a King, and have regained it by the arrogance of a Kaiser." A good rule for the native who accosts in kindness the strangers within his gates is to assume that they are masters of circumstance, and know not less than he does, and sometimes a little more. Otherwise he may share the awkwardness of a lady who, seeing two Americans—so far from their own mummies!—waiting on the kerb for the taxi that came not, told them she knew of some very reasonable lodgings in North London. What a pity, they said. They were "real sorry." They had already booked rooms at the Ritz.

*Talbot, Tall but*—The first soldier I met wearing the new decoration for the old Army was Captain Talbot, the only son of Lord Edmund Talbot, newest of Privy Councillors. Captain Talbot fell badly wounded on a field of Flanders, and out of the reach of rescue by his friends. So he was borne away by a Herculean Hun—in a wheelbarrow. That was not, perhaps, a very dignified mode of locomotion; but he thought it the luckiest ride he ever had, for he must have bled to death had he been left behind. Another bit of luck was his when, after a few months of captivity, he was exchanged home. So he is a Londoner once more, though a Londoner with a limp. "Tall but hobbling," whispered the punster of the club on its long-banished member's welcome reappearing.

*Family Honours.* For three women members of the same family to be decorated for war services must constitute something of a record even at a time like the present, when the value of women's services is being widely recognised. It was only the other day that the Order of the British Empire was conferred upon the Hon. Lady Lawley; and the latest *Gazette* records the bestowal of the Royal Red Cross of the Second Class upon the Hon. Ursula Mary Lawley and her sister Margaret Cecilia, both of whom have worked as V.A.D.s. As a family, the Lawleys have devoted themselves to work connected with the Red Cross since the war. Sir Arthur's report of hospital conditions in Mesopotamia, whither he went as Commissioner for the Red Cross Society last year, will be fresh in the minds of many; and not a little of the success of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild is due to the untiring work of Lady Lawley.



HEIR TO A DUKEDOM THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER.

The Marquess of Worcester, who is seventeen, is the only son, and heir of the Duke of Beaufort, and is passing into Sandhurst as a cadet. He inherits the sporting instincts of the family, and was Master of his own harriers before he was ten.—[Photograph by Sandy.]



## THE DISTAFF SIDE: A CHARMING WAR-WORKER.



NURSING, AND ENTERTAINING, WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIERS: MRS. GEORGE FOSTER EARLE.

While her husband is on active service in Mesopotamia, Mrs. George Foster Earle, a grand-daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, and second daughter of the late Colonel Fitz George, is nursing wounded French soldiers in France. In addition to this arduous war-work, Mrs. Earle, when off

duty as a nurse, organises concerts and sings for the entertainment of the wounded men. The new portrait of her which we give was taken while Mrs. Earle was home in England on Christmas leave. Mr. George Foster Earle is the son of Mr. J. Hudson Earle, of Cottingham, Yorkshire.

*Photograph by Ethel Cave.*



### Nº 1. *The Navy.*

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WHO SAID RHONDDA ?



JACK : Now, Missy ; what have you got ?

MISSY : Beef ; mutton ; pork ; chicken ; cold ham ; and tongue.

JACK : That 'll do — and a cup of coffee.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



## WEDDINGS—THEIR MYSTERIES AND USES.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

"OLD thing," pouted Camillus, on one of those days when there was so much to do that the only way to do it was to put it in jackets and send it along to Departments who wouldn't know from Adam what it was all about—"old thing, what sort of present does a fellow buy for a girl who adores Jack Buchanan, dislikes Kummel, and takes twos in shoes?"

"Is she," asked Phillip, as he put the letter that asked for "Returns, Immediate, of all Casualties from Frostbite and Glanders in X2 Division" into a jacket addressed to the Cholera-Belt and Blanco Supply Department, "is she engaged to the Cavalry or marrying the Flying Corps?"

"Oh—I say—well, he's a Tank," gurgled Camillus. "Nice lad, addicted to worm-gears rather, but coherent in conversations of short sentences. 'Only how—?'"

"It doesn't matter," said Phillip; "that is, he doesn't. Buy her something painlessly useful—a padded volume of the poems of Enoch Wart. She won't mind forgetting that, and the paper is the best first-aid in any match famine. You'll have to buy her something real and tangible later. It's inevitable. One only marries into the Flying Corps nowadays—unless one marries a Lieutenant-General to be a mother to him. Nothing else outside the Navy suits the present style of hair."

"What I was going to say——" began Camillus.

"Not necessary," said Phillip. "These things don't have to be mentioned. Marriage, like war profits and telegrams from Trotsky, cannot be avoided just now. We are all extremely marrying at present. I haven't been able to find out why, but somebody will write to the papers about it presently—probably Lovat Fraser. I think it is a reaction against 'No annexation and no indemnities'—the Pan-Hymens are showing their contempt of the male struggle for self-determination. But there you are. The Voice is positively Deep Breathing over Eden, and one's plain cousins are appearing with appalling unanimity beneath arches of swords in the most spotty pages of the *Daily Ragtime*. I hear that unless the patriotic instinct of the country grapples with the problem, St. George's, Hanover Square, will have to come to nuptial cards."

"And why is it inevitably cousins?" asked David. "If there is a marriage, it is almost always a cousin—though it has been an aunt."

"I've noticed that too," agreed Phillip. "Marriage is an episode of cousins, and—oh, yes, brides. Whoever met a marriage with a bridegroom in it? Of course, he must be there. I quite understand he is almost important, but nobody has ever been able

to pin him down to the deed. Marriage, as far as I can see, is a bride and ninon-de-soie; but I've not yet hit one that is of bridegroom and British warm. I've often thought that the bridegroom, though legally necessary, is one of those shadowy, disembodied fellows, like one's second for club elections; one needn't meet him, but his name has to be on the docket. Of course, I haven't been married very much myself, so I can't speak with finality, but one can't avoid that impression.

"Points like these lead to embarrassment. I was once subpoenaed to a really determined wedding in one of those families that never allow their friends to forget them in such times of crisis. They told me that they met me at Buxton—I have noticed that the people one meets at spas are entirely tenacious. I was extremely tactful. I know I sent along a silver-gilt cheese-harpoon, and followed myself on the appointed day. I was very tactful about it all. I had the nous to ask a man near the door to point out my host and hostess, for it is a wise wedding guest who knows his own entertainers; then I went in and tested Benoist and Extra Dry to logical capacity. I really warmed to the place in time, and I thought it meet and just to seek out the defendant and congratulate him.

"I found him. I decided there could be no mistaking him, he was so extremely lonely; and I went up and shook his hand, and said he was a very handsome fellow, and that if there was anyone I could safely give Enid to (I hoped her name was Enid) it was such a lad as he. He seemed very touched—in fact, most touched. I saw my hostess looking at us. There was a note in her eye. I felt she knew me for one of the True Gold at Heart group. I wandered over to her and congratulated her. I said that in my experience bridegrooms just now had struck a rather poor quality than not, but she had hooked a winner. Really the most distinguished and attractive fellow in the room. 'Look

at him over there,' I said. 'He stands head and shoulders above the common herd. Really the only true mate for little Isabel' (I hoped it was Isabel.)

"I suppose, as things go, she was rather sweet about it.

"So nice of you to say so," she said. 'But that's the detective watching the presents. Must you really go?'

"Still, weddings are not so bad to people of resource. One of their really saving graces is that one can send presents. I know some people find this to be their chiefest horror, but I think that the selection of

marriage gifts has a sinister charm. To many people it is the only really adequate means of satisfying the old and ineradicable lust for torture; to others it is the one and unmistakable chance of just retribution."

THE END.



AN OFFICIAL BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHER AWARDED THE CROIX DE GUERRE: SECOND-LIEUT. ERNEST BROOKS.

Mr. Brooks has been on the Western Front, as an official photographer, for nearly two years, and was previously at the Dardanelles. He accompanied the King and Queen to India for the Durbar as private photographer to his Majesty, and also recorded the King's famous shoot with the Maharajah of Nepal. Mr. Brooks was also with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on their visit to South Africa.—[Photograph by C.N.]

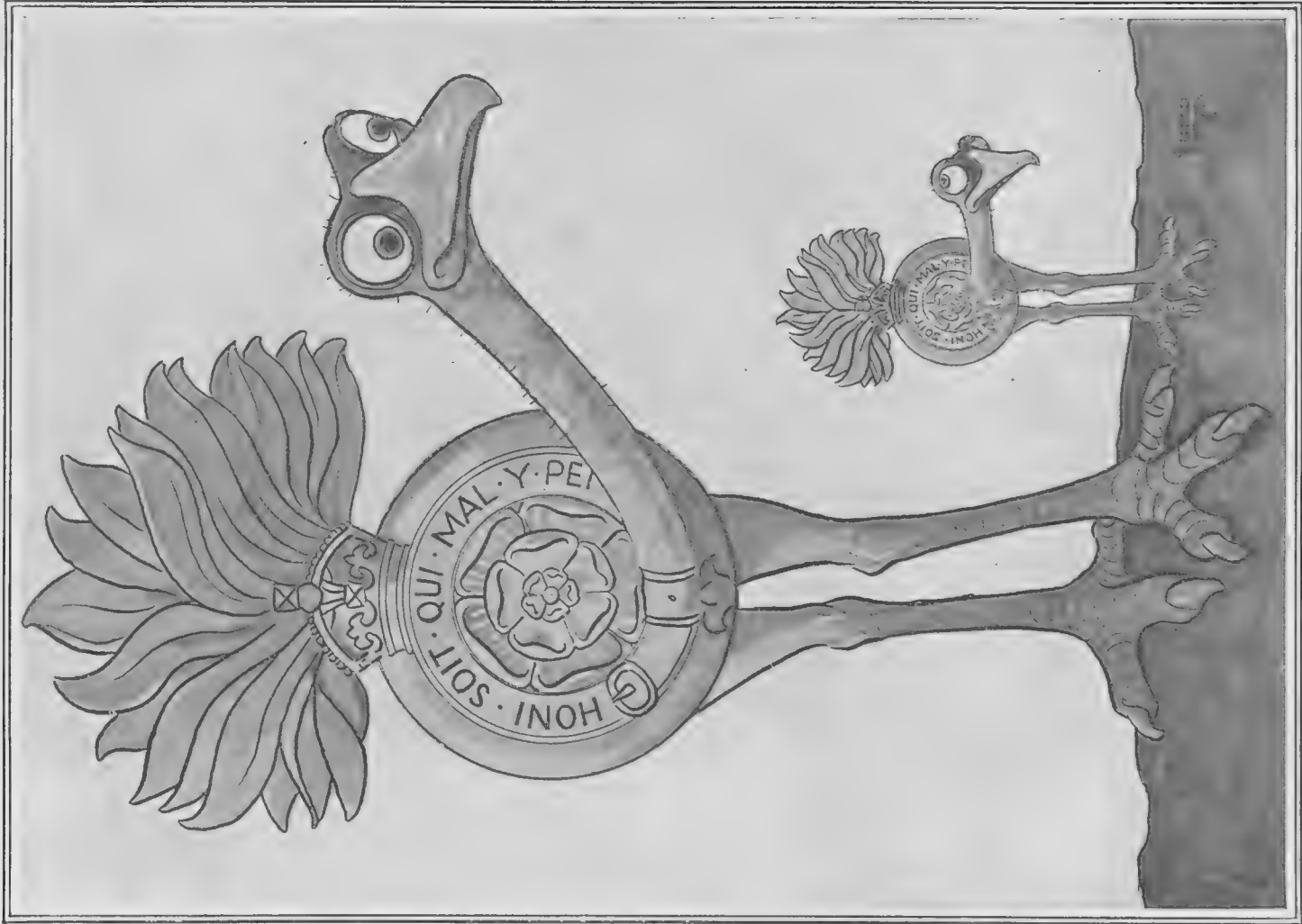


PLAYING THE "BOBBY" TO TOMMY'S "BUS-DRIVER": THE BELLE OF ARQUES HOLDS UP THE TRAFFIC.

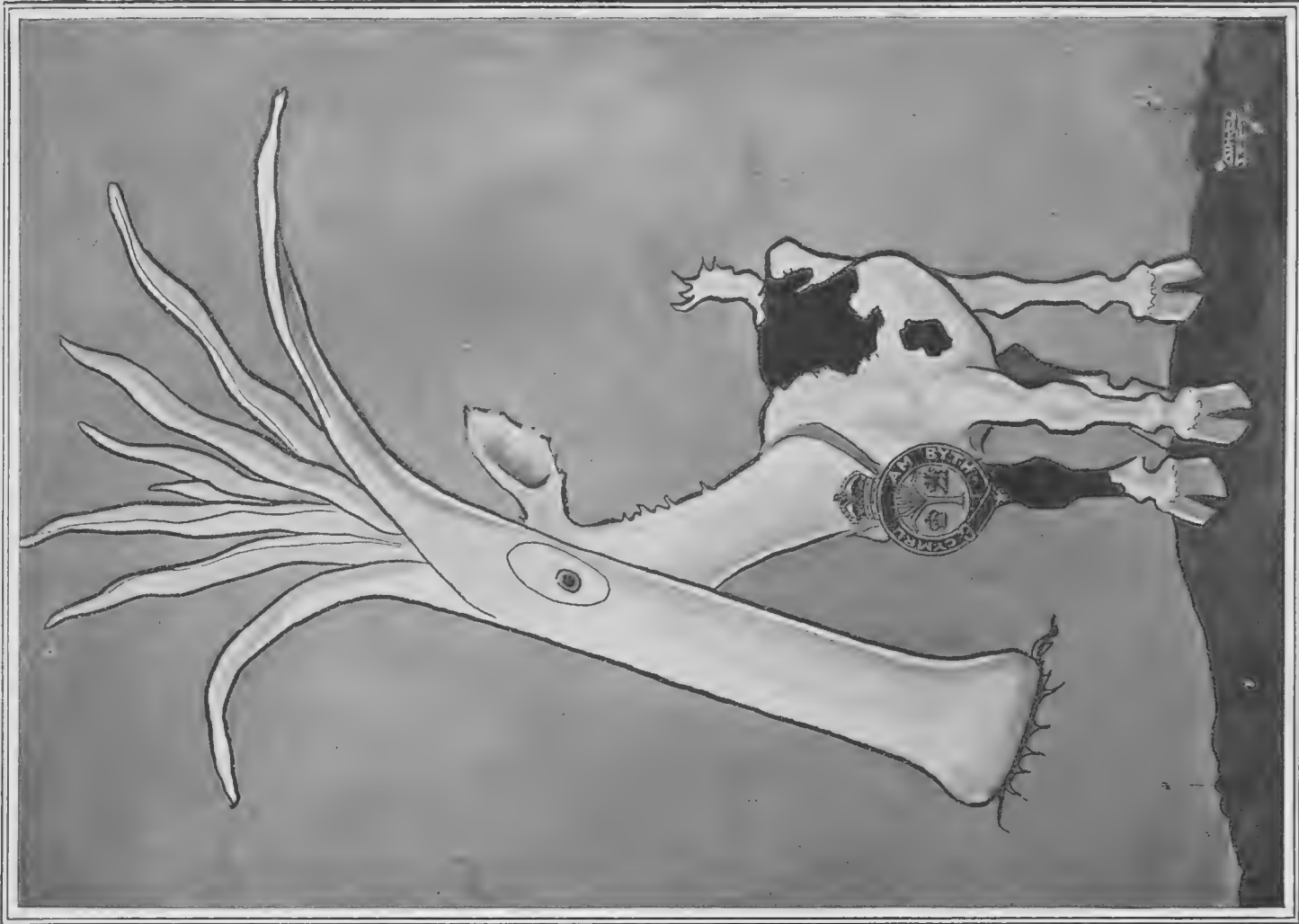
A pretty French girl, known as the Belle of Arques, controls the road and canal traffic of the British Army at that place. All vehicles have to obey her orders.—[Official Photograph.]



MASBADGES ! REGIMENTAL MASCOTS AND BADGES IN ONE !



I.—THE ROYAL FUSILIERSTRICH.



II.—THE WELSH GUARDS - GOAT.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LERTE.



YOU and I, who have done and are doing our best, are to be all of one class with those who have done and are doing their worst. (I refer, of course, to compulsory rationing.) We are in the position of the boys who didn't mutilate the Headmaster's tomato-plant—we are the victims of the dirty little cads who did, and hadn't the decency to own up. Well, so be it. Anything to strengthen the certainty of victory. But I am not going to leave the state of moral and individual abstinence for that of the official and collective without getting in a word or two about the person who is responsible for our degradation.



THE TRAINING OF U.S. AIRMEN: AMERICAN CADETS AT A "GROUND SCHOOL" PUTTING AN AEROPLANE TOGETHER.

American airmen are trained with great care, and very few accidents occur. No cadet is allowed to fly until he knows the machine, so to speak, inside out.—[Photograph by C.N.]

unblushingly—except for his pendulous neck, which gets a bit magenta behind—he gobbles through the *carte* from A to Z, and finishes nobly with a coffee, a liqueur or two, and a Gargantua. (This is my own name for a big cigar, and I like it.) He has eaten about six times his share. . . . And on his way home to dinner he looks in at the fishmonger's by the railway terminus and buys a few boxes of bloater roes and a couple of lobsters. A man must live!

So much for the Male Person. The Female Person who is making a senseless Form Number of you and of me is not quite so bad. She is more of a panicky miser than a heartless glutton. She over-saves rather than over-eats. Nor even in her miserliness is she wholly selfish, for she is so proud of her cleverness in besting authority that she tells all her friends exactly how to get those chests of tea and those boxes of sugar from the City. And there is this as well to be said for the Female Person who is helping the Male Person to increase by thousands and thousands of pounds our country's bill at the form-printer's—she doesn't realise anything like fully the seriousness of her offence. She is, of course, quite as much an enemy of the people as the Male Person. But she is a less unpleasant enemy, for the reasons I have given. To those reasons let me add the fact that she is a woman.

Have you seen The Girl with the Scarlet Legs? I haven't lost one, and it is not a book or a play, It is not even a film drama. It is an ordinary everyday occurrence, and it occurs mostly in Tube trains, tea-shops, and 'buses. I saw a magnificent specimen in a Putney 'bus the other day—the coldest day of the winter up to then. Although wearing a very thick fur coat, she was perished with cold, for the coat was thrown open to show a large kite-shaped tract of goosiness, and her skirt was up to her knees to show a pair of silken web stockings. Through these her legs, scarlet with cold, blazed like two prize carrots.

The Girl with the Scarlet Legs is a danger to poetry and romance as well as to health. Hitherto the epidermis of our Eves has been praised by the poets and the novelists for its whiteness, and we loved to imagine that there was some truth in their statements regarding alabaster shoulders and ivory limbs. But now that scarlet legs are to be the fashion our fictionists' pretty fancies with reference to these and other fixtures of the female form lose their thrill-power and become void and inoperative things.

No more the reader's mind shall gloat, in circumstances thrilling, o'er Daphne's alabaster throat in novels price one shilling! No bosom, white as driven snow, shall heave "Unhand me, varlet!" Instead, her ivory breast shall grow a fashionable scarlet, as passionately back she flings the titled tempter's diamond rings.

No more the Bard, as late he trims the lamp in garret chilly, shall, rhyming to his lady's limbs, compare them with the lily! Instead, he'll drain unto the dregs a cup to stir his cranium to likening her arms and legs to pots of red geranium! The skin of alabaster white is now offensive to his sight.

I wonder what the Air Board would have done with my desk at the British Museum if the building *had* been taken for them! I'm a Green Ticket; that is, I'm a life member of the great B.M. library, and I've got a beautifully comfy corner desk behind one of the screens. I am next but one to the little old lady who collects useful one-line facts for the old-fashioned but very worthy penny weeklies.

Sometimes she runs into as many as three lines, but that is only when she is in a boldly experimental mood—when, in fact, her real blood is up. For her grandfather was an Admiral. I wonder what would have become of my desk. I am very fond of it, because it was lent to me by the British Museum at the recommendation of the managing editor and the literary editor of the *Daily Telegraph*—Mr. John Merry Le Sage and the late Sir Edwin Arnold.

When we were praying, praying, the King and you and I, I hope you know a million men unseen were kneeling by? When we were praying, praying from out unsteady lips for soldiers in the trenches and for sailors in the ships?

When we were singing, singing, the King and I and you, I hope you know a million men were standing singing too? I hope you know that God had lent our Laddies from His lands, and they were singing by our sides and feeling for our hands.

A. B. M.



FRAMED IN OAK FROM NELSON'S "VICTORY": A TRIBUTE FROM BRITISH TO AMERICAN LABOUR.

This fine bronze panel, "The Triumph of Labour," is a gift from the British Trades Union Congress to the American Federation of Labour. The sculptor was Mr. L. F. Roslyn, R.B.S., now an officer in the R.F.C. The frame is of oak from the timbers of the "Victory," presented by the Admiralty. The panel, which will adorn the Federation's new offices in Washington, is now on view at the Soho Galleries of Messrs. Gill and Reigate, 73, Oxford Street.





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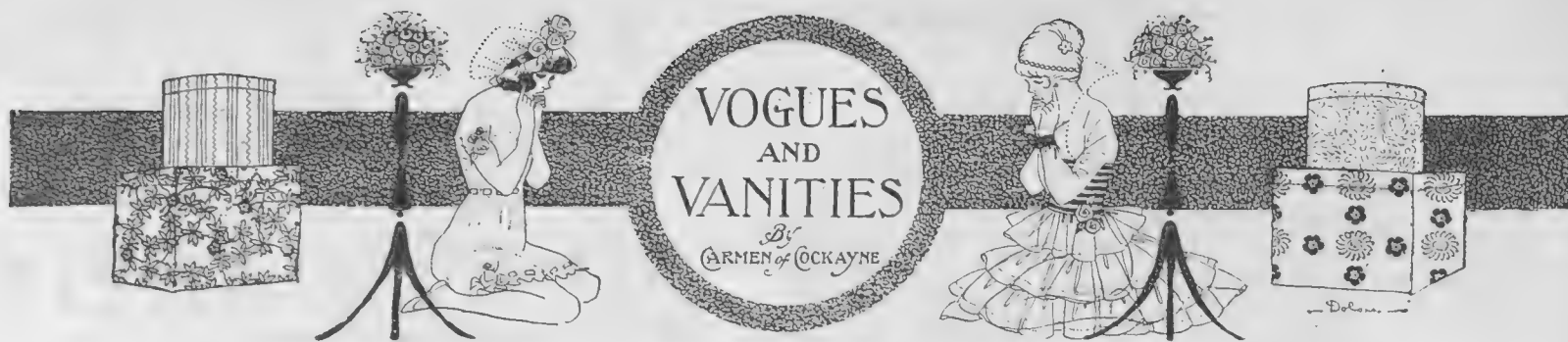
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Marble Arch, London, W.1.



**Honours Divided.** It is nice to know that the dressmakers are not going to be allowed to appropriate all the credit for launching a new type of frock in the name of economy. The makers of lingerie are giving infallible proof that they too are laying very much to heart reiterated appeals to save as much as possible and waste nothing. Frocks may go—indeed, they have gone—down. *Dessous*, on the other hand, has been raised to a really high level—and, as it begins rather late, there is just a danger that extremes may meet, when one hates to think what might happen. But beauty goes a long way towards compensating for brevity in the dress world. A wisp or two of crêpe-de-Chine and a war ration of lace go just as far, when it comes to making an up-to-date night-dress, or a camisole, or a pair of knickers; as twice the amount of honest longcloth—once regarded as the only possible medium for camouflaging Nature's handiwork. The new idea is quite sensible.

After all, there is no sense in using more than you want of anything. In peacetime it was foolish; in war-time it's a crime; and it won't be the fault of those who design Eve's underclothes if a "Save or Shiver" campaign becomes necessary in the national interest.

#### Doing Their Little Bit.

Dolores' sketches show that the people who are responsible for making women's underclothes are doing their bit—even if it is only a little bit—to help economise the material resources of the country. One can't help feeling, for instance, that a good deal is being demanded of the fashionable and fascinating rose-pink crêpe-de-Chine and filet sketched on this page, even though it is no more than a chemise. Fortunately, in this case the burden of beauty is light—otherwise the

*Black and white spells smartness in the world of underwear—just how much smartness is shown by the sketch.*

shoulder-straps of ribbon would hardly be equal to their task. The boudoir gown, as befits its company, is lovely too, being of rose-pink nun's-veiling, lightly held about the waist with a plaited girdle, and outlined at the neck and the extremities of the sleeve with pale-blue satin ribbon. And, since tastes differ so much, it can be had in white with a blue or pink border; or, for that matter, in any combination of colour that individual taste dictates.

#### Plenty to Choose From.

Lovely as the nightgown is, there are others equally attractive in the lingerie salons at Stagg and Mantle's, Leicester Square, where the curious can study not only the originals, but many others just as alluring—and, what is even more important, moderate in price. It is always foolish to procrastinate, and in this case haste is especially to be recommended, as the fact that the winter sale is in progress operates to make prices irresistibly low.

#### Lace Deposed.

Lace, once an indispensable ingredient of lingerie, is no longer a necessary constituent of the perfect undergarment, whatever its function. Anyone can, if they choose, paint the lily; but true *chic*, it is now held, lies not only in motifs, insertions, and edgings of real lace, but also in the severely simple outline of the garment whose outer edge is defined with a hemstitched band of itself or some contrasting shade. For contrasts are no longer confined to clothes that catch the eye, and a love of colour below skirts is a taste which every woman may indulge. Magpie effects, too, are still sought after. White crêpe-de-Chine, though smart alone, is undeniably smarter when it is formed into knickers and things, outlined with a black hem, with insertions of black for greater emphasis. Occasionally the process is reversed, with, as some think, even better results.

#### Trousseaux are Earthly.

Marriages may be made in heaven, but the trousseau at least is something which only a human expert can provide, and few brides would deny that they attach almost as much importance to bridal "undies" as to the all-important matter of the wedding-dress. It is a problem that is capable of several solutions, though it would be difficult to find one more entirely satisfactory than that provided by Stagg and Mantle, in whose capable hands white georgette assumes the form of a Princess petticoat whose gathered loveliness is increased by cunningly introduced motifs of filet lace of cobweb fineness and unusual design, and tiny sprigs of white heather for the luck that everyone wishes the newly wedded. Not that the scheme is confined to petticoats alone. It is, in fact, extended to every item of bridal underwear with the happiest results; and, just to make things really complete, there is a boudoir robe of white satin broché, and dainty heather and rosette-trimmed satin slippers to accompany it.

#### Something for Every Taste.

But it is not everyone who is contemplating matrimony, and can indulge in beautiful fripperies with an easy conscience. In any case, they suggest themselves as a rather inadequate barrier between oneself and the unpleasantly chilly attentions of winter. However, it is possible, if you only set about it in the right way, to be practical as well as pretty. A woolly nightgown ceases to be an atrocity when it is fine and soft, and has a V-shaped décolletage outlined with pale-blue silk, and has decorative smocking at the base of it as well as on the

shoulders, and blue rosettes for extra decoration. Nun's-veiling, too, exhibits an unsuspected capacity for looking nice when it is allied with real torchon and silk embroidery; and there are occasions when even "real flannel" can be made into a thing of beauty.



*Bright, brief, and beautiful aptly describes this chemise of pink crêpe de Chine outlined with insertion.*





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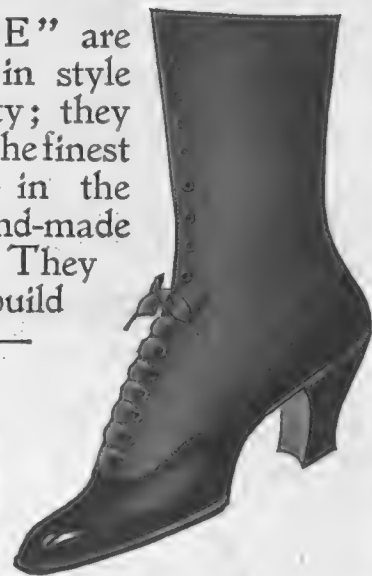
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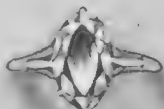
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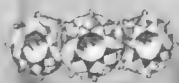
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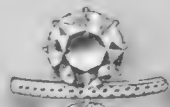
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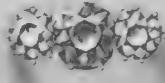
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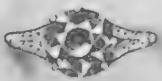
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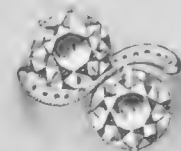
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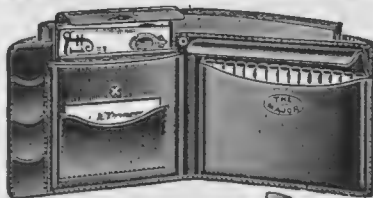
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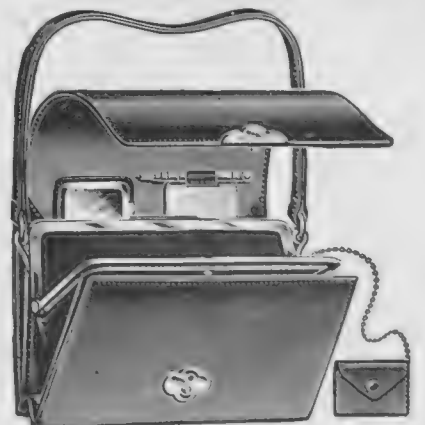
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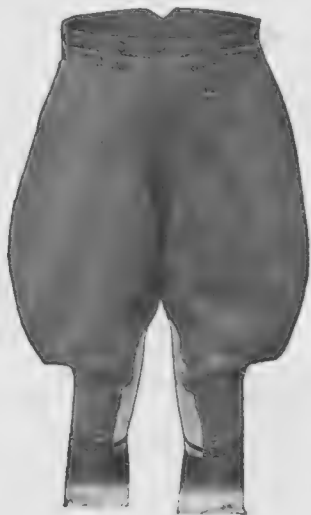
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### For House and Person.

When we take our walks abroad these sale times, seeking where we make economical purchases—a paradox at all times true, more especially so in present circumstances—we must visit Robinson and Cleaver's great Linen Hall in Regent Street, where genuine bargains are to be made. Linen will get more and more scarce, and, so far from raising their prices, Robinson and Cleaver are offering their customers substantial reductions in every department. The housekeeper is afforded a genuine opportunity for renewing her stock of table and bed linen; there are cosy dressing-gowns of Japanese quilted silk at 18s. 11d. each; there are quantities of beautifully cut and made blouses, some in all lace, from 12s. 11d. to 63s.; there are corsets called "Le Facile," beautiful models, at 8s. 9d. each; there is dainty underclothing at most moderate cost. For beautifying houses there are real bargains in curtains and blinds and bed-spreads. Robinson and Cleaver's great Winter Sale is well worth visiting.

### Bustle and Waggle.

American women begin to dally with the *rentrée* of the bustle. So far, it is nothing more than a drapery giving a distinct waist-curve, and seen mostly on the velvet frocks now so much in vogue. There is, in some of these draperies, light wire introduced in the pipings, which may develop later. The days of dress-improvers may even return—doubtless in a fashion less crude than in the early 'seventies, when women walked with a waggle behind them. One of our great dailies at that time burst out into a description of women's dress at a race-meeting, and, mentioning two of our best and brightest, proceeded to remark that one wore a brown, the other a grey, dress-improver. The lives of these ladies were nearly chaffed out of them; while women wondered what on earth the mere man thought a dress-improver really was. One can only hope that the threat of their return will not be fulfilled, or, if it is, it will be in a much-mitigated form.

### Fitted, at All Points.

Boys and girls are going back to school, and outfits have to be renewed and new ones provided. Excellent opportunity for obtaining these of the best and most up-to-date kind is afforded by the Winter Sale at Messrs. Samuel Brothers at their City establishment, 65-67, Ludgate Hill, and also at 221-223, Oxford Street, their Oxford Street house. They sell only their own well-known and genuine goods; nothing is bought up by them especially for sale time—their fine reputation has been built up during the supply of school outfits to four generations. There is nothing wanted for any boy or girl that is not supplied; and there are also very desirable bargains for fighting men, civilian men, and for ladies. The fabrics, despite some difficulty in obtaining them, are of the best—warm, light, and strong. Experience has brought the firm to perfection in supplying just what is wanted, and what proves best, in all kinds of outfits.

### Personal Bias.

The behaviour of the W. A. A. C.s is being severely criticised. So far, such critics as have come my way have begun with boisterous

allegations and ended in a dead calm of negation. Sometimes it transpired that servants had evacuated the critic's household to join the Women's Army; again, the critic had joined as Administrator, and found the life too simple and the work not to her liking; or had joined, and been turned down after a month of probationary training. Some personal bias usually lies behind such criticism; the fact remains that, out of tens of thousands of W.A.A.C.s at work, wonderfully few are troublesome or in any way vicious. That they walk about with soldiers, their arms entwined or round waists, is in light-hearted comradeship. They are all grown-up children more or less, and in peace-time the joy of "sitting contagious," as the Irish call it, was much enhanced by doing so in public. Etiquette in these matters between Tommies and W.A.A.C. rank-and-file is not as ours.

### The Wine of Our Country.

"Oh, what weather!" "Is life worth living with rheumatism?" "Gout is the very—let's say German Emperor!" These are the sort of things one hears. Well, they, like the Huns, are ills that can be conquered, and in a pleasant and not costly way. The cure for the evil influence of uric acid in the blood is lactic acid—an important constituent of such properly made cider as is Bulmer's, of world-wide celebrity. It is a cheap beverage—so much so that American Custom authorities could only be convinced by personally inspecting the process of making it that it is naturally sparkling and not carbonated. Bulmer's cider is made by the same costly and lengthy process as champagne, and has the characteristics of the French champagnes. The percentage of alcohol is so small that, diluted with water—plain or aerated—it remains palatable and invigorating, and is then a temperance drink.

### Well Ordered.

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The cigarette has played no negligible part in the great war as a sedative to the nerves and a pleasant relaxation in such leisure as troops are able to enjoy. The well-known, well-made "Nestor" cigarettes, an already famous Egyptian brand, have proved consistently popular. The makers, in Cairo, import the finest Turkish leaf, and all the processes of manufacture are carried out to perfection. The "Excelsior" Nestor is a specially mild brand, and the gold-tipped Nestors for ladies are very much liked. The "Queen" brand, and the dainty "Selos Amber," are also in high favour; and all genuine Nestor cigarettes bear the stamp of the Egyptian Government.



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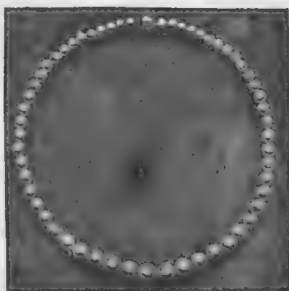


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## THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK



Of course, there is any amount of humbug in Spiritualism—there is in all the arts and sciences—but does this entitle one to say there is nothing else in it? Edward Clodd appears to think so. His attack on it in "The Question" is one of the fiercest things of the kind I have come across. He considers that when Spiritualism is dead and gone its epitaph should be—

"BEHOLD, I WAS SHAPEN IN INIQUITY,  
AND IN SIN DID MY MOTHER CONCEIVE ME."

for he divides the world's millions of Spiritualists into scoundrels and simpletons. There is a common notion that when the scientist comes to judgment he is always calm, dispassionate, impersonal, both in his examination of facts and his pronouncements on them; and I am not altogether sorry that Mr. Clodd breaks with this tradition, and is as humanly heated and personal as any politician who denounces an opponent. But since he scornfully dismisses even Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and others who are, like himself, eminent in science, as simpletons and the credulous dupes of mediums, I suspect a good deal of it is, after all, only his fun. Either that, or else the contemplation of his brother-scientists under the spell of Spiritualism has fired his chivalry and driven him to go for it, much as Don Quixote zealously tilted at windmills, or as knights-errant used to ride forth to rescue innocent men from enchanters and beautiful maidens from dragons. I am no Spiritualist, and confess that some of Lodge's records in "Raymond" strike me as ridiculous; but his work in other directions has proved him no simpleton, so I am not in a hurry to laugh at him. Didn't the wisacres of Spain laugh at Columbus when he tried to demonstrate that there must be a new world on the other side of the Atlantic? Yet, as soon as he was able to fit out an expedition and get across the sea, sure enough the new world was waiting there to be discovered.

I looked into George R. Sims's "Glances Back," thinking it might contain some revelations of mediums, good or bad. With his insatiable curiosity concerning all phases of London life, he is

not likely to have left the mysteries of Spiritualism unexplored; but beyond a passing reference to Pepper's Ghost, which never pretended to be the genuine article, he is silent on this subject. The ghosts that walk his pages are memories of men and women who were once familiar figures in London's literary, theatrical, artistic, and generally Bohemian circles; of middle or later Victorian manners and customs that are now obsolete; or of famous London haunts that have long since gone the way of all bricks and mortar. An interesting book, especially rich in the theatrelore of the last half-century or so.

The clergy have been getting a lot of nasty knocks lately, and "Rita" gives them no quarter in "The Wrong End of

entities do return in visible shape to this earth plane, and psychic lore demonstrate that telepathy and clairvoyance and clairaudience are demonstrable facts? Yet will the Church believe in any of them? On the contrary, the very name of Spiritualism is anathema to the clerical mind. No proof or authority of science will convince that mind as to modern discoveries of psychic truths." If ever "Rita" repeats that about the proofs of Spiritualism, or the authority of Science for psychic truths, to Edward Clodd, may I be there to hear!

An undercurrent of psychic suggestion runs through "The Stucco House." The three Scottish brothers, Tom, John, and James Lawrie, are strangely atmosphered and moulded by family influence; they cannot escape from the shadow of their dead mother's dominance, and only one of them tries to. James, a poet, a man of ideas and all unlike the other two, chafes against the sort of life that suits his brothers, and "breaks loose" at last and helps one of his sons to emerge into freedom; but sacrifices much and estranges his wife in the process. The stucco house in which James lives is gloomy with remembrance of an old Jew and his housekeeper who had been murdered in it; and this influence, too, works darkly on James and those belonging to him. The relations of James with Fanny Shaw are unusual, but blameless and plausible; the episode between her and young Crisp is subtly handled, but not so convincing. It is a brilliantly clever book—perhaps the strongest thing in fiction that Gilbert Cannan has yet done.

Other sections of the public may have been found wanting in face of the war, but the ordinary man has kept his end up uncommonly well. "The Smiths in War Time" is about that Surbiton household with which Keble Howard has familiarised us in two other novels. Old Ralph Smith and his wife, their married daughter, their grandson who goes to the war, their three servants, and a few friends and neighbours are the *dramatis personae*, and the whole thing is typical of many households in these days. Old Mr. Smith's efforts to economise, to serve—at the age of seventy—as a Volunteer for Home Defence, to organise his family against air-raids, and otherwise to be useful to his country, are amusing and pathetic in their genuineness and their futility. He is a bit of a fussy old ass, like many another, but a lovable one, and Keble Howard pictures him and his doings with a sympathetic, lightly humorous touch that makes delightfully entertaining reading.

Although "The New Warfare" begins with a daring reference to the war "now drawing to its close," M. Blanchon is not a hard-shell optimist. He studies the new war forces, in the air, under water, in the field, very comprehensively and suggestively; and, having expounded the present, looks ahead to a more horrible future war that shall be fought not only in the sky and below the sea, but under the earth in subterranean avenues and fortresses. He is immensely interesting. No doubt, you will shrink from the appalling forecast of his closing chapter; but who can deny that "man is still a wolf to man," or point to any signs that his nature is changing?

### BOOKS TO READ.

The Question: If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again? By Edward Clodd. (Grant Richards.)  
Glances Back. By George R. Sims. (Jarrold.)  
The Wrong End of Religion. By "Rita." (Westall.)  
The Stucco House. By Gilbert Cannan. (Fisher Unwin.)  
The Smiths in War Time. By Keble Howard. (John Lane.)  
The New Warfare. By G. Blanchon. Translated by Fred Rothwell. (Harrop.)  
Kitchener and Other Poems. By Robert C. Stead. (Mussion Book Company.)  
Swinburne's Poems. Cheap Edition. 5 vols. (Heinemann.)  
Rabelais in His Writings. By W. F. Smith. (Cambridge Press.)



A NEW C.B.E.: LADY HENRY GROSVENOR.

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Photograph by Rita Martin.

Religion." The Church has collapsed, she says, under the weight of the war; and she finds the cause of that failure in its ancient bigotries and narrowness of outlook. "Does not Christian Science profess miracles," she demands, "and Spiritualism prove that spiritual



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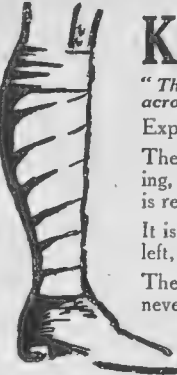
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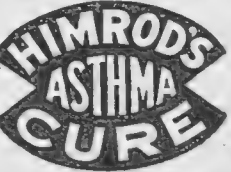
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THE TABOO ON NEW GAS-MOTORS: WANTED—AN "AIR MEDICAL SERVICE": AIRMEN AND A "CEILING" TEST.

**The New Order.** Apparently, the urgent demands of the industries which have been tied up by the uncertainties of the coal-gas situation have stimulated the Board of Trade, and the new "Motor Spirit (Consolidation) and Gas Restriction Order, 1918," has been issued somewhat earlier than was expected. It is framed throughout in consonance with the policy of the Board, acting through the Petrol Control Committee, in so far as that policy is now avowedly not merely the conservation of petrol, but the limitation of motor transport. In other words, the ruling is now definite and unmistakable that no one who is unable to secure a permit to use a motor vehicle of any kind can obtain relief by the employment of gas. The war has served as an incentive to useful effort in various directions in the way of discovering substitutes for commodities that are scarce; but inventiveness is now wholly at a discount in respect of motor vehicles, and even if a man devised a means of extracting a home-produced fuel from common dirt, he would be unable to apply it to the benefit of the community. Meanwhile, the railways are more and more congested—and, as a matter of fact, coal shortage and other troubles are almost entirely a question of insufficient transport, the only cure for which is an increased employment of the roads.

**A Slight Relief.** Of course, if coal-gas were a more convenient form of fuel, the position would be relieved to some extent by the fact that there is no intention at present to limit the amount which may be used, in lieu of petrol, by those who are eligible for a permit. When they have exhausted their official petrol supply, they can continue with gas, if they go to the expense of fitting the necessary apparatus. But, when all is said and done, this does not help to any appreciable degree. Few cars can carry more than 250 cubic feet of uncompressed gas, and this is only the equivalent of a single gallon of petrol; consequently, the time-wastage and trouble incurred by repeated fillings is almost prohibitive. And, unfortunately, the new Order does nothing to set at rest the uncertainty as to whether high-compression cylinders will be permitted or not. For the present they are debarred—even those which are actually in existence. I know a man who has a very large stock in hand, and has also invented a very ingenious and useful method of feeding the gas to the engine; but he is altogether at a standstill until the embargo is removed; and the same remark holds good with respect to a well-known tyre firm which devised a cylinder of rubber to overcome the objection to the use of steel—for which, of course, there is a perennial demand. Possibly the situation may be straightened up in due time, and a true balance struck between the conflicting

factors; but in the interim all those engaged in the work of transport and distribution regard the position with serious misgivings, as they had looked for no small measure of relief to the general public from the employment of compressed gas on motor vehicles.

**Medical Aspects of Flying.**

In commenting on the formation of the new Air Council, the *British Medical Journal* deplores the fact that no reference is made to an Air Medical Service, and demands the formation of a body of that nature, with a Director-General on the Council itself. The suggestion can hardly be regarded as other than timely. The Air Services, now to be amalgamated into one force so far as their control is concerned, have grown enormously in size, and are engaged in a class of work as to which the ordinary practitioner has no experience; hence there is not only a new field of research to be explored, but also an abiding need for a competent medical officer to be attached to every air squadron, both at home and at the front. Our pilots are very young, and keen as mustard, and none of them would plead an *aegrotat* unless absolutely compelled. A duly appointed medical officer could have authority to prevent anyone from going up whose quickness of response had deteriorated, and—to quote the journal in question—"to prescribe the steps to be taken to ascertain whether the deterioration is merely transient or of such a nature as to require his admission to an Air Service hospital." There can surely be no question of the need!



MADE A KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: SIR JAMES McKECHNIE, K.B.E.

Sir James McKechnie is Managing-Director of Vicker's Works at Barrow. Upwards of 40,000 workers are engaged under his charge in the production of war material of all kinds from air-craft to U-boat-chasers, heavy guns and howitzers, and artillery ammunition.

**The Pilot's "Ceiling."**

Apart from general physical fitness, moreover, there is a new problem to be faced now that machines are capable of flying at very great altitudes. Every aeroplane has its "ceiling"—i.e., the maximum

height at which it can fly—but nowadays it is essential to determine the "ceiling" of the aviator himself, and cases have been by no means uncommon of pilots breaking down through prolonged work at altitudes to which they were unequal. As with Alpine climbers, every pilot has his individual limit; one may fly at, say, 15,000 feet, and be distressed at 16,000 feet; another may be quite comfortable at 16,000 feet, and in difficulties at 17,000 feet; and so on; and, as heights over 20,000 feet are frequently reached on active service, the question of adaptability is one of no small importance. The ascertaining of each man's limit should certainly be carried out in a less rough-and-ready manner than that which was chronicled in the Press the other day, when it was shown that a pupil who had never before been higher than 3000 feet was ordered to undergo an altitude test of 16,000 feet, with unfortunately disastrous consequences.



WITH 42 ENEMY PLANES DOWN TO HIS CREDIT—4 IN ONE DAY: CAPTAIN P. F. FULLARD, D.S.O., M.C.

Captain Philip Fletcher Fullard went from Norwich Grammar School into the Inns of Court O.T.C. During his past six months as a flying officer in France, he has brought down 42 German machines and 3 observation-balloons. In one day he brought down 4 enemy machines, and one morning he and a brother officer brought down 7 before breakfast, 3 falling to Captain Fullard.—Captain James Thomas Byford McCudden, M.C., was an air-mechanic in 1914, and was promoted observer during the retreat from Mons. He has won the M.C., and both the Croix de Guerre and the French Military Medal. In a single-seater, and on his own account, he has had over 100 fights, three with the German "star" fighter Immelmann, who retired before him. He is the leader of an aeroplane squadron famed for its fighting, by which 99 German planes have been accounted for.



CHIEF OF A SQUADRON THAT HAS "DOWNED" 99 ENEMIES—37 ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT: CAPT. McCUDDEN, M.C.

Photographs by C.P. and C.N.



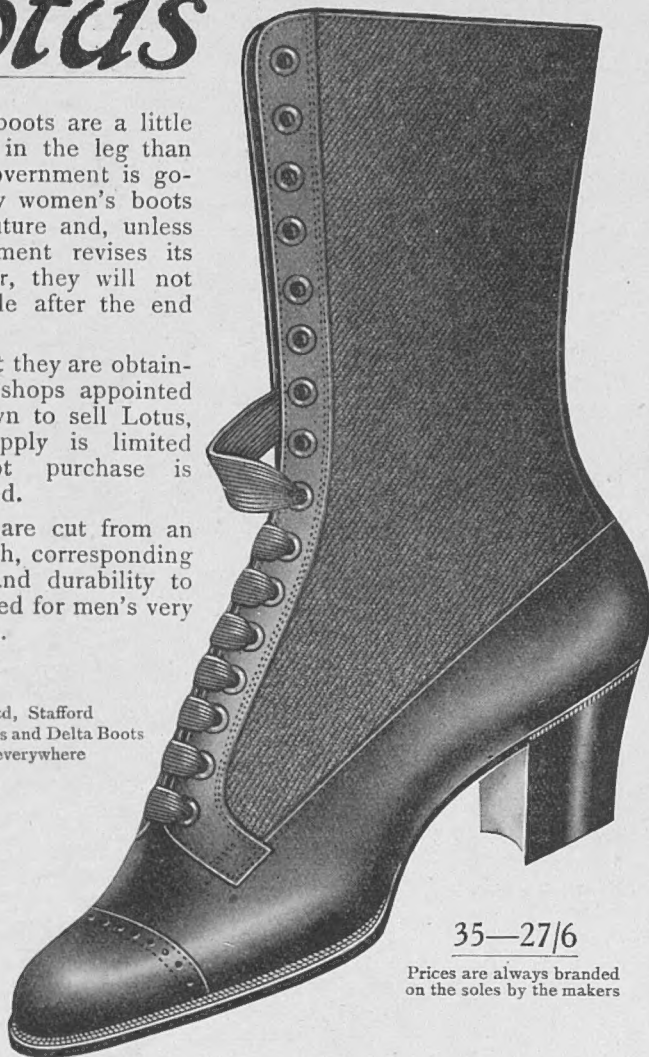
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"OUT OF HELL," the title of the new play at the Ambassadors', hardly gives at the moment the intended note of horror. For, when sitting with my feet in the fire and a frozen spine *à l'Anglaise*, the idea of hell loses its horrors, and I think with a smile of the famous story concerning the missionaries in Iceland, who had little success whilst they sang the old song, and had to change their tune and preach that hell is colder than anything known in the northerly island. It is alleged that the dissemination of this heretical doctrine was forbidden by a Papal Bull. I wonder. "Out of Hell" is in form unlike any play within my knowledge, since it consists of four acts composed of duologues between two actors who represent the four characters without the customary device used in doubling. By causing one actress, Miss Frances Ivor, to represent an English mother deceived for a while by a German nephew, and also her sister, the wife of a Hun, also duped temporarily by an English nephew, and by requiring Mr. Brough Robertson to play the parts of the two cousins, this tragedy of errors avoided the absurdities generally seen in the performance of Shakespeare's "Comedy"—or rather, farce—"of Errors." Yet, although the players were skilful in differentiating the characters, the drama has an air of insincerity. This is rather unfortunate, since Mr. Herbert Thomas, the author, is quite in earnest. He is our old friend, Mr. Berte Thomas, part-author of the clever but unfortunate comedy, "The Weather Hen," and also an actor of considerable ability. The story of these two mothers, each put to a terrible test, is strong, and there are thrilling moments; but it is doubtful whether the economy in number of characters

is judicious. Apparently small casts are to be the fashion, since next door to the Ambassadors is "Sleeping Partners," with three characters only. Rather hard, this, upon the profession during these trying times. My own view of the matter—perhaps due to the jaded feeling ascribed to the middle-aged critic—is that the players are very rare whom we want to take in such big doses.

Certainly Miss Frances Ivor showed much power and skill in presenting the two unhappy women, and seemed to hold the audience; whilst Mr. Robertson played with considerable ability. And yet, on the whole, it is doubtful to me whether the quality of the writing or power of the acting can be considered quite adequate for the exceedingly bold experiment.



"THAT": MR. JAS. W. TATE, COMPOSER OF "THE BEAUTY SPOT."

Mr. Jas. W. Tate, well known as "That," the partner at the piano with Miss Clarice Mayne, has made a big success in his first long musical composition, the score of "The Beauty Spot," at the Gaiety, for which he has written the music for two particularly sensational ballets—"The Bird of Paradise" and "The Dream of Hasheesh." Mr. Tate's fame as a song-writer is world-wide, and some of his numbers are in "The Maid of the Mountains," at Daly's.—[Photograph by Bacon.]

The burden of piling up that monumental volume, "Debrett's Peerage," must have proved heavier than ever for the edition just published for 1918 (Dean and Son), and the editor, Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, may be congratulated upon the completeness with which he has carried out his work. The sword of war has reaped a sad but glorious harvest during the past twelve months, and the traces of its blows are evident only too clearly throughout the nearly three thousand pages of this invaluable work. Apart from the large number of changes brought about by the war—Debrett's Roll of Honour holds more than two thousand names—the assumption by the King of a new House and Family name, and the incorporation into the British Peerage of certain members of the Royal Family, as well as the large number of changes caused by death, make "Debrett" more indispensable for 1918 than for any previous year of its existence, which has now entered its third century.

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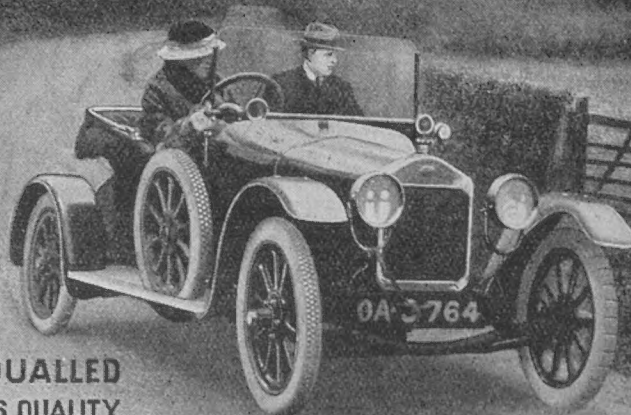
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